

THE MONTH

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THE MONTH

VOL. CLXVIII

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Greatest Menace to Peace

THE Communists' attempt to exploit the world's craving to have done with the horror and the waste of war, so as to further their own subversive aims, is one of the greatest present dangers to the Christian order. The Bolshevik wolf in sheep's clothing has already deceived many of the unwary. Moreover, the ill-advised pact between France and Soviet Russia has destroyed for a time any prospects of real collective security, since, instead of Bolshevism being more under control within the bounds of the Covenant, it has used its inside position to keep alive suspicion and enmity between nations, whilst its very membership has reduced the moral prestige of the League well-nigh to zero. And now its endeavour to dominate the Peace Movement, just when the menace of war, accentuated by its own policies, calls for a united defensive effort on the part of all advocates of true peace, has thrown that salutary Movement into confusion. An important article in later pages of this issue exposes from inside knowledge the not altogether unsuccessful Communist project to introduce disunion into the ranks of peace, under guise of a whole-hearted denunciation of international war. Apart from the radical opposition of ideals and aims between Christianity and Communism, any association of Christians with the declared enemies of God for whatever immediate good, must be abhorrent to all Catholics. The Pope in this particular case has denounced such association in the plainest language, yet even Catholics have been taken in by the blandishments of the Soviets and their seemingly humanitarian ideals, and, because of some material and incidental benefits of their system, have gone some way to condone the ruthless inhumanity and the satanic hatred of God which form its essence. Nothing permanently good can come from such association. The work of world-reconstruction is pre-eminently spiritual to be accomplished by men redeemed, not by men doubly fallen by nature and by choice.

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Dupes of the Soviets

WE cannot expect any such instinctive abhorrence in those whose religion is a matter of private concern, yet even on natural grounds the unsound policy of dividing the Peace Movement by associating it with those who make no secret that their ultimate object is to overthrow the Christian order, should be apparent to non-Catholic Christians. For mere political reasons the English Labour Party and the Trade Union Council have time and again turned down any association with the Reds for whatever object. The tainted apple, they feel, must ultimately corrupt the whole basket. But the leaders of the English Peace Movement are not so discerning. They are misled by the anti-militarism which the Reds, for their own ends, profess. Besides, it is part of the Communist tactic to label opposition to Communism with the odious name "Fascist." Whenever one sees an organization—and there were many of the kind at the Brussels Congress—describing itself as "Against War and Fascism," one may fairly suspect Communist inspiration. Fascism, doubtless, is hostile to democracy, which recognizes the dignity and independence of the human soul, but so, and even more so, is Communism. Catholics know what to think of a movement which uses on its banners the Hammer and Sickle of materialism for the supernatural Cross. It is strange and significant that there is no Peace Society describing itself as "Against War and Communism."

Victims of the Label

THE calm thinker distrusts labels : they are counters used by the hasty and ignorant : used frequently, alas ! by journalists who, whether ignorant or not, are generally hasty. When, therefore, the Spanish Reds proclaimed that the Spanish revolt was Fascist, many English journalists, always ready enough, since the Armada, to despise and dislike Catholic Spain, echoed that falsehood. They are wiser to-day when the true character of the Spanish Soviet can no longer be concealed, but the antipathy to Catholicism still colours their judgment. It was, perhaps, to be expected that the National Church, not always conspicuous for political wisdom, should, through its prelates and papers, support the Communist against the Catholic : it was natural, though very foolish, for a section of the liberal intelligentsia, looking on Spain

(whence "Liberalism" originally came) as the last word in benighted reaction, to write solemn letters to the Press in support of Señor Azaña's "democratic" Government. But it was as surprising as it was shortsighted to find *Headway*, the journal of the League of Nations Union, a body which has a considerable Catholic following, taking the Communist side in its issue for September, and when brought to book by Catholics connected with the institution, in a temperately-worded and informative letter, evading the charge of anti-Catholicism. And one might have hoped that professional advocates of peace would have refrained from upholding the cause of Señor Caballero, as one of them did in *The Times* for October 22nd, because his defeat might result in damage to British interests in the Mediterranean!

Judicial Blindness

THE truth is that the British public may have lost its Protestantism, but it has retained its hostility to Catholicism, and, regarding Spain as a country which, in so far as it is Catholic, cannot possibly be right, is too blinded by prejudice to realize what the real issues are. Hence we have had the ridiculous assumption that a republican and democratic Government was being attacked by a militarist junta, an effete aristocracy and a corrupt Church, only anxious to preserve its enormous wealth and to keep its obscurantist hold upon a superstitious people. And the same British blindness—the alternative is arrant hypocrisy—keeps the Labour and Liberal Opposition constantly protesting against the supply of arms to the insurgents, as if the nationals of Russia, Mexico and France are not known to have been active from the first in helping the Reds in the field. If the Spanish Government which secured power last February had not shown itself wholly incapable of governing justly, and latterly of governing at all, then it might have rightly claimed a free market for munitions from the rest of the world and rightly protested against its rebellious citizens being thus helped. But the promptness with which the chief nations determined to give no official recognition to these claims of the Azaña Government showed that they realized that that Government did not represent the Spanish people, but was in the grip of an anti-civic international organization against which each nation, in different degrees, is in active opposition. The vehement Soviet protest has given the whole case away.

Misguided Catholic Support

HOW is it, one may be asked, if the character of the crisis is so plain, that many Catholics who know the Church's teaching regarding the right of rebellion seem still doubtful about the justice of the anti-Red cause? We have letters and articles written in support of the Reds by Catholics in the secular Press. Spanish priests even are quoted as being on that side, and, above all, the most Catholic provinces of all Spain—those inhabited by the Basques—are openly fighting against the insurgents. The last extraordinary fact is due to the bribe of regional autonomy promised by Señor Azaña and actually implemented on October 8th, when, for the first time in Spanish history, an independent Basque Government took office, and the national longing was satisfied. One does not know whether the spiritual issue, so clear to the rest of Catholic Spain, was ever realized by these proud people—some 400,000 all told in four Provinces—although their bishops forbade them to unite with the enemies of Christ. They may have argued that once independence was secured, their Catholicism would be safe. Anyhow, their conduct does but illustrate their intense regionalism, not by any means their sympathy with Communism. As for individual foreign Catholics on the Red side, we can respect their zeal for the worker, supposed to be the victim of a Fascist and military clique: we can appreciate their horror at the outbreak of a particularly sanguinary civil war: but we can only wonder at their ignorance of recent Spanish history, which history should have made plain the intrinsic anti-religious character of the Republican programme which the Left element easily and speedily turned, last February, into an attempt to destroy the Spanish Church. It should have been immediately clear that the anti-Reds were not persecuting but upholding religion, and that is, for the Catholic, the main thing.

Spain not Fascist

LET us also grant that the spectacle of anti-Christian intolerance in the various Totalitarian States and their unholy glorification of war, made the mere suspicion of the emergence of yet another Fascist State in Europe especially abhorrent to the Catholic mind, which feels instinctively that there is little to choose in essence between the various forms of the Absolute State. All alike ignore man's chief end; all

alike subordinate in a greater or less degree God's purpose to human projects. But that abhorrence should not extend to forms of government which are Corporative but not Fascist. If Catholics were as familiar as they should be with the Papal teaching on social matters, they would recall how clearly "Quadragesimo Anno" distinguishes between a State-imposed and State-governed Corporativism and one in which the State leaves the corporations free to develop naturally, and only intervenes to promote harmony in the general interest. There is a world of difference between the marshalled bureaucracy which prevails in Italy, where every energy of the community is subordinated to political ends, and government by the aid of vocational groups, the elimination of class-competition, the united and happy family ideal, which Dr. Salazar has created in Portugal and Dr. Schuschnigg is developing in Austria.

The Limits of Political Opposition

IT is the duty of the citizens of a democracy to aid their appointed rulers to govern wisely in the general interest. Only in the case of a grave crisis is it advisable to give a select few supreme and unquestioned power, for as long as the emergency lasts. In other circumstances, citizens can bring useful pressure on the Government in various constitutional ways—by the Press and platform, by organized demonstrations and petitions, by criticism in Parliament—but it is not constitutional to organize a force with the avowed object of supplanting the Government by another self-appointed group of citizens with ideas of their own about what needs to be done and how. The Rexists in Belgium seem to be meditating action of this sort, and it forms the programme of our British Fascists, who affect a semi-military discipline and try to win adherents by a militant policy against those who are most opposed to them. They contend that the emergency which calls for dictatorship already exists—Parliamentary Government is ineffective, the Socialist menace is growing, foreign foes are becoming stronger, the strife of classes is unabated, so is soul-destroying unemployment—and they seek power to remedy these evils, not by debate and legislation, but by decree. Mindful of the growth of the German dictatorship from very small beginnings, they are not disheartened by the neglect shown them by the general public, but keep them-

selves in the limelight by constant provocative parades. The Government is at present debating whether to ban the wearing of uniforms and the challenging marches of these political enthusiasts, whose object seems to be to foment class hatreds in order finally to forestall "the dictatorship of the proletariat" by the dictatorship of the upper and middle classes. It is the English custom to allow much "letting off steam" amongst politicians. It is better that the B.U.F. should promenade in public than plot in secret. But they should be made to march in the Parks and not allowed to excite hatred and strife in the crowded streets.

The Petition against Poverty

IN remarkable contrast as to method with the flamboyant Fascist, yet inspired by as deep a sense of national emergency, is the organization called the Petition Council. Just as many people consider the maintenance of war as an instrument of national policy to be a sign of international madness, so the members of the Petition Council regard the existence of poverty in the midst of plenty as proof of a want of sanity in our industrial system and, by way of arresting the attention of the thoughtless world, they have projected the presentation of a monster petition to His Majesty the King, asking him to appoint a commission of his Judges to examine into the causes of this irrational dislocation and suggest a remedy. We Catholics know the causes and the remedy: Pope Leo, nearly half a century ago, made both plain to his flock, and because that flock as a whole took little or no heed, our present Holy Father, with greater knowledge and emphasis, has lately repeated the diagnosis. The main cause is the accumulation of wealth in relatively few hands, unchecked by law or conscience, and enslaving the majority of the destitute in the grip of poverty. Pope Pius's language, indicting the modern industrial order, is unmistakably plain.

This [economic] domination is most powerfully exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, also govern credit and determine its allotment . . . grasping in their hands, as it were, the very soul of production, so that no one can breathe against their will. This accumulation of power, the characteristic note of the modern economic order, is a natural result of limitless

free competition, which permits the survival of those only who are the strongest—and this means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience.

The condemnation is both sweeping and well-founded, and should have been re-echoed by Catholics everywhere.

A Campaign against Usury

IN default of conscience restraining the excessive love of money which is the root of all evils, the civil law must intervene. The whole *raison d'être* of the State is the general well-being: hitherto, speaking generally, the State has allowed the love of money too free a rein, with the result emphasized by the Petition Council that food is being destroyed whilst many go destitute, that production is checked though many are unemployed, that international economic warfare is prevalent, carrying with it the constant threat of actual war, that no attempt is made to organize the resources now available, so that potential prosperity should become actual for all. The abortive World Economic Conference of 1933 failed because it debated in the old grooves and did not, as a whole, recognize the need of a new mentality. And economists like Sir William Beveridge and politicians like Mr. Chamberlain, continue to assure us, with strange insensibility to the implications of their assertion, that unemployment can never be substantially abolished. It is the aim of the Petition Council to arouse such a body of public opinion that complacent acquiescence in man-made hunger and unemployment and usury shall be no longer possible amongst our rulers. There is no more conspicuous trait in the character of our present Monarch than his solicitude for the worker and the poor. He, we may be sure, will put no obstacle in the way of appointing the desired Judicial Commission, and there will surely be no stint of evidence to place before it regarding the cruel social paradoxes which uncontrolled financial greed—usury in one form or another—has produced in modern society. At the same time, legislation alone will never effectively curb man's natural acquisitiveness, although it may allow conscience fuller play. The real check must come through Christian teaching, and by the help of God's grace. Accordingly, Catholics should give every kind of support to the Petition, for the evils on which it would focus attention are those most abhorrent to the spirit of the Faith.

The Social Sense in the U.S.A.

THE Church in the United States through her hierarchy, and the Catholic population there through their periodical Press, have done much to oppose the "rugged individualism" which has borne such evil fruit in that vast and prolific territory. But the economic blindness which has so ill-treated nature as to bring about alternate droughts and floods on a colossal scale, has its parallel there on the moral plane, and the Papal social teaching, for all its clearness and vigour, has not yet awakened amongst Catholics, if we are to trust the reports of social workers, a realization of the full social implications of their Faith. Only one Catholic voice reaches the whole land, the voice of a priest, under due canonical control of his bishop, and zealous for social reform. But he, both as regards the manner and the substance of his social teaching, is not regarded by a great many of his co-religionists, even amongst those most anxious to follow Papal guidance, as the proper spokesman for Catholics. Unfortunately, most of his millions of listeners take for granted that he is, with the result that they think that the Church is interfering in purely economic matters for which, as the Pope himself has said, "she has neither the mission nor the equipment," and worse still in questions of party politics, equally outside her role. We are not surprised, then, that members of the hierarchy have, from time to time, intervened to protect the Church against Father Coughlin's misleading excursions into those fields, nor that one of the most distinguished economists in the States, Mgr. J. A. Ryan, has lately broadcasted a protest against the "radio-priest" being taken as an authorized exponent of Catholic teaching about social ethics. Mgr. Ryan's strong protest, reported in *The Times* for October 10th, and at greater length in *The Catholic Herald* for October 23rd, declared bluntly that "Father Coughlin's explanation of our economic maladies is at least 50 per cent wrong, and that his monetary remedies are at least 90 per cent wrong," and, what is more to the point, that "his monetary theories and proposals find no support in the Encyclicals of either Pope Leo XIII or Pope Pius XI." Catholics have every opportunity to learn from their bishops, who have ably and authoritatively expounded those Encyclicals in excellent popular pamphlets and by means of *Catholic Action*, the organ of the N.C.W. Conference, their duty in social matters.

Mr. Wells at Seventy

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr. Wells's social and religious philosophy—and Catholics must needs repudiate its basis of agnostic materialism—one can still be grateful for the entertainment derived from the best of his imaginative romances and his stories of man and manners, made interesting by felicity of style and keen observation. And one can, therefore, the more easily set aside on the occasion of his seventieth birthday that aspect of him which is belligerently anti-Christian, and contemplate with a certain sympathy the old man who, fêted by a distinguished company on that day, plaintively confessed—"I hate being seventy." And there was real pathos in his comparison of himself to a child absorbed in delightful toys, being told by an inexorable nurse to put them away and prepare for bed. "Life is not half long enough," was the natural protest of the comfortable man of earth-bound views who has tried to satisfy immortal longings with transitory things. Mr. Wells reflected that he had worked hard to extend knowledge, playing "the game of encyclopædism" and he still seemed to regard knowledge or "science," unaided by faith or hope or self-discipline, enough to save mankind. One would think the present state of the world should have disabused him. Humanity needs more than "an infinitely more powerful sort of encyclopædism" to strengthen it against the sway of passion and the pride of self. There is only one sort of knowledge that can redeem the human race—"All men are futile who have not the knowledge of God."

Education in the Philippines

SPAIN, which evangelized South America and Mexico, also brought Christianity to the Philippines.¹ The United States, in and after 1898, brought material civilization—improved communications, charted seas and coasts, sanitation, the reduction of disease, better cultivation, improved trade and "secular" education. The result is that several generations of Filipinos have grown up with an adequate knowledge of the English language, but in ignorance, greater or less, of the

¹ Magellan (Magalhães), the "discoverer" of the Philippines in 1521, was, of course, a Portuguese, but in the Spanish service. Portugal too had a share in converting South America. It was a Spanish friar from Mexico who began to organize the Church in the Philippines in 1565.

Catholic Faith. An informative article in *The Times* (October 15th) tells how the American administration founded hundreds of primary and intermediate schools in towns and villages, high schools in every province, and a new national University in Manila. To-day there are 27,000 native teachers with 1,200,000 scholars, although of the 900 American teachers only 100 remain. But nothing at all is said of the Catholic schools which the Americans found in existence, nor of the great institutions for higher learning under Dominicans and Jesuits, which did not need American tutelage. It is true that the school-system which the conquerors set up has provided many with excellent secular training, but that boon has been at the cost of their spiritual welfare. Stress has been laid upon the lack of priests in the Philippines: the lack of Catholic teachers is almost as grievous, and—an evil legacy from the American tradition—the anti-religious bias still persisting in the State-aided schools. Here is a wide field for the teaching apostolate of the Church.

The Strike of the Parents

IF inanimate Nature can retaliate, as events in the States have shown, on those who abuse her bounty, much more is it likely that human society will react disastrously if the laws of life by which it should be governed are disregarded. Proof is at hand, in the generally declining birth-rate, of the consequences of the selfish shirking of moral obligations on the part of parents, so freely condoned to-day even by professing Christians outside the Church. It seems certain that, if there is not a reversal of present practice, which legislation may help to bring about, but which must depend ultimately on regard for God's law, the decline of European population which has already begun to set in will proceed more and more speedily until the nations perish through self-destruction. "The Dwindling Family" in England, according to *The Times*, is regarded with indifference by contemporary opinion, yet "before the end of the century the British people may be approaching the number of thirty millions," instead of the sixty millions or so of natural increase. Abstention from marriage was one of the causes of the downfall of Rome: the misuse of marriage may very possibly cause our own.

ST. TERESA AND THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

IN a preceding article (*THE MONTH*, September, 1936) we have seen how confidently St. Teresa depended upon her Dominican confessors and counsellors, both for spiritual guidance and for a guarantee of her orthodoxy, at a time when heresies were prevalent, as a faithful daughter of the Church. But there had come into Spain, in her middle years, a group of men of whom the whole country soon began to talk; men, not at first conspicuous for learning, as were the Dominicans, but rather partaking of the Franciscan apostolate, the service of God in men, in whatever way Providence might appoint for them. The Society of Jesus had received its final commission in 1540, when Teresa was already twenty-five years of age; the Jesuit Fathers opened a school in Avila in 1555, when she was living there, at the mature age of forty, ten years after she had been set on the right spiritual way by Father Vicente Baron, the Dominican. Already she was beginning to have strange experiences in prayer, and was becoming troubled about them and herself; she describes herself as longing for some guide who would tell her clearly whether she was safe, or whether she was being deluded, for already there were those who told her both. Somewhat awesome reports concerning these Jesuit Fathers had come to her ears, mainly, if we may judge from her written accounts, in three forms—though living in the world like other priests, they practised and preached stern mortification, especially interior; they were experienced in, and taught, a high form of prayer; they were not content with ordinary ideals, but would have everyone aim at the highest perfection.

Such at least were the characteristics of which Teresa had heard, and they had evidently made upon her an impression not a little alarming. When she first speaks of the Jesuit Fathers, none of whom she had yet met, she seems to express a very decided fear of meeting them. They were said to be so holy, their standard of prayer was said to be so high, their insistence on the highest perfection was said to be so unbending, that she wondered whether one such as she could ever

come up to their requirements! Thus she writes, in the year 1555:

[My fear of being deluded] made me seek diligently for spiritual persons with whom I might treat of my soul. I had already heard of some: for the Fathers of the Society of Jesus had come hither; and though I knew none of them, I was greatly attracted by them, merely because I had heard of their way of life and prayer. But I did not think myself fit to speak to them, or strong enough to obey them. And this made me still more afraid; for to converse with them, and yet remain what I was, seemed to me somewhat rude.¹

In the course of time Teresa overcame her scruples and fears, though not without anxiety, nor without much pressure from other counsellors. Even when at last an appointment was made, for a first meeting with a real, live Jesuit Father, it is evident that Teresa was anxious about what might happen. The ordeal was to be gone through in secret; not even the sisters in her community were to know anything about it! But her plans missed fire; we can see the smile passing over her face as, ten years later, she tells her story:

[I was told] that the best thing for me to do was to apply to a certain Father of the Society of Jesus, who would come to me if I sent for him, saying I had need of him. . . . Further, I was not to swerve in a single point from the counsels of that Father; for I was in great danger if I had not someone to direct me. . . . It terrified me to think that the nuns of the community should come to know of my dealing with such holy persons as those of the Society of Jesus. For I was afraid of my own wickedness, and I thought I should be obliged to cease from it, and give up my amusements; and that if I did not do so I should grow worse. So I persuaded the sacristan and the portress to tell no one at all about it. This was of little use, after all; for when I was called down, there was a nun at the door, as it happened, who told it to the whole community.²

However, once the ice had been broken, and the first shivering douche had been survived, Teresa did not seem to mind repeating it, nor to care who knew of her daring escapade in

¹ "Life," xxiii, 4.

² *Ibid.*, xxiii, 16, 17.

risking an interview with a real Jesuit. How wide was her later experience of Jesuit confessors we learn from the "Relation," or account of conscience, written for Father Rodrigo Alvarez, S.J., twenty years later, in 1576. In that "Relation," in which, as we have seen elsewhere (*THE MONTH*, September, 1936), she gave a list of Dominican Fathers whom she had consulted, she wrote another list of Jesuit advisers to whom she had, of her own accord, appealed:

As she could not escape from these visitations, though she tried with all her might, she went about in very great distress, afraid that it was a delusion of Satan, and began to consult spiritual men of the Society of Jesus about it. Among these were Father Araoz, who was Commissary of the Society, . . . and Father Francis [Borgia], who was Duke of Gandia; him she consulted twice. Also a Provincial, now in Rome, called Gil Gonzalez, . . . and Father Baltasar Alvarez, who is now Rector in Salamanca; he heard her confession for six years at this time.¹

The list includes six other names, but it is by no means complete. In her "Letters" alone mention is made of no less than sixteen other Jesuit Fathers who, in one way or another, came into her life; and though not all of these were her confessors, indeed some suspected and opposed her, still they prove how intimately she had come to know the new Order, and its members to know her. The first with whom she came in contact was Father Juan de Padranos, at the time Superior of the house in Avila, and her gratitude for what he did for her during that anxious period bubbles up throughout the rest of her life. When his term of office was over, and he was appointed to another residence, she writes:

I felt it very much, for I thought I should go back to my wickedness, and that it was not possible to find another such as he. My soul was, as it were, in a desert, most sorrowful and afraid.²

Some ten years later we find her writing to the Prioress of Valladolid:

Father Padranos is a very faithful friend; you are right in keeping up with him, although there may be a change of superiors.³

¹ "Relations," vii, 5.

² "Life," xxiv, 5.

³ "Letters," ii, 109.

and again, later, to the same Superior :

Father Padranos pleased me extremely ; I believe that he has attained great perfection. May God give us such perfection.¹

It may be by chance, or it may be of set purpose, that when St. Teresa comes to speak of her Jesuit confessors, she describes their direction much more in detail than she describes that of any other. This is specially the case with Father de Padranos ; in her account of her first meeting with him, we hear the first ring of real satisfaction in the story of her "Life." At this time she had begun to have a consciousness of Christ's presence in prayer, not seen but known, along with other fascinations that seemed to take her out of herself. She had been warned that these experiences were probably from Satan, and that she ought to resist them. Yet to do so seemed to be beyond her power ; at the same time she asked herself how these things could be evil, since they produced in her effects that were only and wholly good. It was in this condition of anxiety that she approached Father Padranos. She writes :

I communicated the whole state of my soul to that servant of God, and he was a great servant of His, and very prudent. He understood all I told him, explained it to me, and encouraged me greatly. He said that all was very evidently the work of the Spirit of God ; only it was necessary for me to go back upon my way of prayer, because I was not well grounded, and had not begun to understand what mortification meant. That was true, for I do not think I knew it even in name. . . It seems to me that the Holy Ghost was speaking by his mouth in order to heal my soul, so deep was the impression he made. He made me very much ashamed of myself, and directed me by a way which seemed to change me altogether. What a grand thing it is to understand a soul ! He told me to make my prayer every day on some mystery of the Passion, and to fix my thoughts on the Sacred Humanity.²

The effect of this new direction she describes as follows :

He left me consoled and fortified. . . I made a firm resolution not to swerve from anything he might com-

¹ "Letters," ii, 186.

² "Life," xxiii, 18.

mand me, and to this day [she is writing ten years later] I have kept it. Our Lord be praised, who has given me grace to be obedient to my confessors, however imperfectly, and they have almost always been those blessed men of the Society of Jesus; though, as I said, I have but imperfectly obeyed them. My soul began to improve visibly, as I am now going to say.¹

It is not difficult to detect in this account the influence of the Spiritual Exercises: the need for right order, the joining of mortification with prayer, the foundation of prayer in personal shame and sorrow, the concentration on the Sacred Humanity and the Passion. This is confirmed by the Saint's description of the manner of her confessor and its effect. He led her, as the Spiritual Exercises had taught him, to the feet of God by the path of love; its effect was to make her zealous for anything God might ask of her:

After this my confession, my soul was so docile that, as it seems to me, there was nothing in the world I was not prepared to undertake. I began at once to make a change in many things, though my confessor never pressed me; on the contrary, he seemed to make light of it all. I was the more influenced by this, because he led me on by the way of the love of God; he left me free, and did not press me, unless I did so myself out of love. . .

I began with a renewed love of the most Sacred Humanity; my prayer began to be solid, like a house, the foundations of which are strong; and I was inclined to practise greater penance.²

Thus, under the guidance of Father Padranos, Teresa was, as she calls it, "grounded" anew in prayer. We doubt whether, in all spiritual literature, there is a more perfect description of the spirit and intended effect of the Spiritual Exercises; and that it should have been written, so enthusiastically, by such a one as St. Teresa, is honour indeed. One effect especially she goes back upon, which it is worth while to notice; she discovered how essential for all progress was sinlessness of life:

My soul was now sensitive to every offence I committed against God, however slight it might be; so much so, that if I had any superfluity about me, I could not recollect myself in prayer till I had got rid of it.³

¹ "Life," xxiii, 19.

² *Ibid.*, xxiv, 1, 2.

³ *Ibid.*, xxiv, 3.

Here she anticipates the reiterated teaching of St. John of the Cross; that surrender of all to gain all, which resounds on every page of his "Ascent of Mount Carmel."

Still that alone would never have made the complete St. Teresa; it was the "grounding," perhaps, as she says, also the building, but not yet any more. There was need of greater freedom, greater response to the attraction of the loving God. Her liberator came in the person of another Jesuit director, no less than St. Francis Borgia. Of her meeting with him she writes:

At this time Father Francis, who was Duke of Gandia, came here; he had left all he possessed some years before, and had entered the Society of Jesus. My confessor . . . contrived that he should visit me, in order that I might speak to him, and give him an account of my prayer; for they knew him to be greatly favoured and comforted of God. He had given up much, and was rewarded for it even in this life. When he had heard me, he said to me that it was the work of the Spirit of God, and that he thought it was not right now to prolong that resistance; that hitherto it had been safe enough; that I should always begin my prayer by meditating on some part of the Passion, but that if Our Lord should then raise up my spirit, I should make no resistance, but suffer His Majesty to raise it upwards, I myself not seeking it. He gave both medicine and advice, as one who had made great progress himself; for experience is very important in these matters. I was exceedingly consoled; . . . he always helped me and gave me advice according to his power, and his power was great.¹

In this way did St. Francis Borgia, the great champion of liberty in prayer, supplement the more careful training of Father de Padranos; he who, when General of his Order, would have no one bound to any one form of prayer, could well understand the freedom needed for such a soul as that of Teresa. Nevertheless, there succeeded both of these a confessor to whom she says, in more than one place, that she owed more than to anyone, the famous mystic, Baltasar Alvarez. She introduces him into her narrative with not a little formality, summing up at once one aspect of his spiritual direction:

This Father began by putting me in the way of greater

¹ "Life," xxiv, 4.

perfection. He used to say to me that I ought to leave nothing undone that I might be wholly pleasing to God. He was, however, very prudent and very gentle at the same time; for my soul was not at all strong, but rather very weak, especially as to giving up certain friendships, though I did not offend God by them.¹

Here it is not unimportant to recall that Father Baltasar Alvarez was eighteen years younger than St. Teresa, having been born in 1533. From the first he had been drawn to the contemplative life, and had almost decided to become a Carthusian when he was advised by his confessor, a secular priest, to join the Society of Jesus. This he did in 1555, at Avila, in the very year in which St. Teresa came there to found her convent. As the Jesuit Fathers had not then houses of study of their own, Baltasar finished his course in theology under the Dominican, Father Bañez, the famous Thomist, and the lifelong friend of Teresa, of whom we have heard elsewhere (THE MONTH, September, 1936). He was ordained in 1558, at the age of twenty-five. Almost immediately he found himself thrown across the path of Teresa, who was then forty-three years of age, a reformer of her Order and a foundress of convents, already much discussed, and in most quarters criticized, as a mystic. Father Baltasar's task, therefore, could not have been an easy one; we can understand the caution, what Teresa calls the "humility," of the young confessor, scarcely a year a priest, and a Religious of little more than three years' training. Many times she found him a stern master; sometimes she was tempted to leave him, and try another confessor who would be more considerate; in the end she could thank God that she had not yielded, and was loud in her acknowledgment of all she owed to him. There are several places in her "Life" where she shows her gratitude; let one passage suffice. She was being condemned on every side because of her visions; she defended herself, with the encouragement of one or two, chiefly on the ground that their effect was only good. She continues:

My confessor, who was, as I said before, one of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and a really holy man, answered them in the same way—so I learnt afterwards. He was a most discreet man, and of great humility. . . He had much to suffer on my account in many ways. I

¹ "Life," xxiv, 6.

knew they used to say to him that he must be on his guard against me, lest Satan should delude him through a belief in anything I might say to him. . . . It was a providence of God that he was willing to stand by me and hear my confession; but he was so great a servant of God that he would have exposed himself to anything for His sake. . . . He bade me never conceal anything from him, and I never did. He used to say that, so long as I did this, the devil, if it were the devil, could not hurt me. . . . He had much to suffer on my account, during the three years of trouble and more, because he heard my confession all that time. . . . If he had not been so holy a man, and if Our Lord had not been with him, it would have been impossible for him to bear so much. For he had to answer those who regarded me as one going to destruction, and they would not believe what he said to them. On the other hand, he had to quiet me, and relieve me of my fears. When my fears increased he had again to reassure me; for after every vision which was strange to me, Our Lord permitted me to remain in great fear.¹

This single passage will suffice to show St. Teresa's sense of indebtedness to Father Baltasar. Father Padranos had made her prayer "solid as a house," St. Francis had encouraged her to fly, Father Baltasar had seen to it that her freedom in flight was untrammelled by any possible imperfection. Her biographers tell us that she declared she owed more to Father Baltasar than she owed to anyone else; that though she knew much he knew more; that God had revealed to her the certainty of his salvation; and much more to the same effect. In the years after this time together at Avila, when Father Baltasar was appointed to other work, we find him helping her in her foundations, we find her placing all her trust in him, and encouraging others to do the same. Though there is no sign of that holy familiarity which we see between her and her "Father," Father Bañez, still he, too, is called her "Father," and the references to him in her letters mark a deep regard that goes further than mere reverence. She is "anxious about Father Rector's health";² she sends souls in doubt to him: "Tell it all clearly to the Father Rector who will know what is best for you."³ She writes encouragingly

¹ "Life," xxviii, 20-22.

² "Letters," i, 159.

³ *Ibid.*, i, 253.

to another: "I owe much to him, because he found us a house, which we have already purchased. Thank God."¹ And so: "In this as in all else, Father Rector will know better than I how to advise you."² She is "delighted to hear that my Father, Baltasar Alvarez, has been staying with you for a few days, to comfort you after your many trials."³ In the same letter she drops a hint, which, no doubt, will be duly passed on, since she writes to a mutual friend: "It is a long time since I heard from my Father, Baltasar Alvarez." She reassures an anxious Mother Prioress: "Do not be distressed about me, for I shall be in the neighbourhood of Father Baltasar Alvarez."⁴ When he is made Provincial, only a few months before his death, she writes with evident delight to a friend:

They say that the new Provincial of the Society will soon be at Madrid, if he is not there already. You must know that he is one of my greatest friends and was my confessor for several years. You should try to meet him for he is a saint. Will you do me the kindness, when you see him, to give him the enclosed letter from me?⁵

Three months after this letter was written, on July 26, 1580, when he was only forty-seven years of age, Father Baltasar died. How much Teresa felt his loss we may gather from a single reference. In a letter written some seven months later, to Doña Ana Henriquez, the lady who had first brought Teresa and Father Alvarez together, we find:

I feel lonely as regards my soul, for there are none of the Society here whom I know. In fact I feel lonely wherever I am, for our Saint seemed to bear me company even when I was far away, as at least I could write and tell him about things. In short, we are living in exile, and it is well we should realize it.⁶

In little more than a year later her own term of exile was to end. During that interval we find in her extant letters at least three references to Father Baltasar, and the help he could have given in certain difficulties had he been alive.

It is true that not everything had gone smoothly between Teresa and the Society. There had been those who had not believed, either in her or in Father Baltasar. There had been

¹ *Ibid.*, i, 161.

² *Ibid.*, i, 162.

³ *Ibid.*, i, 281.

⁴ *Ibid.*, iii, 241.

⁵ *Ibid.*, iv, 21.

⁶ *Ibid.*, iv, 147.

others who had tried to impose their will upon her, little realizing with whom they had to deal. One would have her found a house here and not there; another would force her to accept an unsuitable novice; a third would have her refuse beforehand to accept a Jesuit Father who wished to join her Order. Once, in indignation at a hint as to her disloyalty, she had written to a Jesuit Superior:

I behave towards the Society as one who has its interests at heart, and who would lay down her life for it, if it would serve Our Lord¹;

a letter which brought him to his senses, and made him profuse in his apologies. But in spite of these annoyances the devotion and love of the great-hearted Saint never wavered.² She might, indeed, claim supernatural assurance for her esteem, since among her visions we find her recording, seeming almost to linger upon her words:

I have seen great things of members of the Order to which this Father belongs, which is the Society of Jesus, and of the whole Order itself. I have occasionally seen them in heaven, with white banners in their hands, and I have had other most wonderful visions about them, and therefore have a great veneration for this Order. For I have had a great deal to do with those who are of it, and I see that their lives are conformed to that which Our Lord gave me to understand about them.³

This was written in 1565. Five years later we are told of another vision, in which Teresa saw forty sons of St. Ignatius, priests, scholastics and novices, massacred on board a ship which was taking them to Brazil. Among them was a relative of her own, who had also been a pupil of Father Baltasar Alvarez. She told her former confessor and abiding friend;

¹ "Letters," iv, 39.

² I am indebted to Father Benedict Zimmerman for the following interesting note. In a letter to Father Gaspar de Salazar, S.J., Rector of the Jesuit House at Cusnea, from the Convent of the Incarnation, February 13, 1573, St. Teresa deals with certain business, and also gives an account of the internal condition of the convent. She tells Father Gaspar that (St.) John of the Cross is living there, and is confessor to the community. But she astonishes us by adding at the end: "I go to confession to Father Laréz." This Father was a Jesuit. "The surprising thing is," writes Father Benedict, "that while St. John of the Cross was actually living at the Convent of the Incarnation, and was the confessor of the nuns, St. Teresa, the prioress, had for a confessor one of the Jesuit Fathers. . . . From the wording of the letter it is clear that Father Laréz was her usual confessor."

³ "Life," xxxviii, 17, 18.

a month later, when the news of the tragedy was received, it is said that he was able to confirm Teresa's narrative in every detail.

But to show St. Teresa's love of the Society of Jesus is not the main purpose of this study; its purpose is to prove the unity of the two in the theory and practice of prayer. She came to its members, as we have seen, first and foremost because she sought their guidance in prayer. She learnt from them, as she tells us, that prayer is founded on self-humiliation, on the love of the Sacred Humanity of Christ, on union with Him in the Passion. When she was called to more, no one was more eager to encourage her to grasp the hand of God held out to her, even to leap forward to His embrace. We may conclude with one quotation, and ask ourselves, whether these are indeed the words of St. Teresa, and not rather of St. Ignatius Loyola, or of that fervent apostle, St. Dominic; at least they prove that the fire that burned in the hearts of all three was the same. After describing one of her greatest times of trial, she breaks out:

O my Lord, how true a friend thou art! How powerful! Thou showest thy power when thou wilt; and thou dost will it always, if only we will it also. Let the whole creation praise thee, O thou Lord of all the world! Oh that a voice might go forth over all the earth, proclaiming thy faithfulness to those who love thee! . . . O my God, oh that I had understanding, and learning, and a new language, in order to magnify thy works, according to the knowledge of them which my soul possesses!¹

And more to the same effect.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

¹ "Life," xxv, 22. Such is the English translation. The Latin version, given by the Bollandists, seems to be even more emphatically apostolic.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

COMMUNISM AND PEACE

COMMENTS ON THE "INTERNATIONAL PEACE CAMPAIGN"

[COMMUNICATED]

IN the following words:—"It would indeed be a grim irony to pretend to desire peace and at the same time to compromise with those who seek only the overthrow of authority, the destruction of social order, the annihilation of the very idea of God"—contained in a message read at the Pontifical Mass celebrated at Geneva at the opening of the Seventeenth Assembly of the League of Nations, Mgr. Besson, the Bishop of the diocese, defined the attitude of the Catholic body to the widespread endeavour which is being made to secure its co-operation with Communists in the cause of international peace.

This problem, which is in many ways a painful one, can best be studied in regard to the "Rassemblement Universel pour la Paix," or International Peace Campaign, an ambitious attempt to unite and co-ordinate all organizations, political, professional, religious and cultural who desire to prevent war by strengthening the League of Nations. A "World Congress" held at Brussels in September is the greatest achievement of this movement up to date, and the advice which the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines publicly gave his diocesans to withdraw from the Congress, because of the part played by Communists in its organization, was the first definite indication from an authoritative source that the Church cannot approve this method of promoting an end to which she herself must ever strive—peace and good will between States and within each State.

Four thousand people, of whom nearly half were French, six hundred British, and the remainder drawn from thirty other nationalities, packed the great hall of the Centenaire, on September 6th, at the closing session of this International Congress. The atmosphere was enthusiastic, but also somewhat tense; for hitherto the speeches in most of the commissions and at the mass meetings had been so sweetly reasonable as to cause no little disappointment among the fervent partisans of the Left. But wait, said they, till Comrade Cachin speaks: then you will hear the real thing. Eventually he rose

to his feet. So, too, did half the audience, brandishing clenched fists in the Communist salute amid a burst of cheering. But the "Red Senator," with an imperative gesture, compelled silence, and the demonstration ceased as soon as it had begun. And his speech? A blameless plea for international co-operation and for improving the League of Nations such as has frequently graced the pages of *THE MONTH*. The same impression was created at the open-air demonstration next day: the "Comrades" instinctively burst into the *Internationale*, but their vocal ardour was promptly quelled. In short, the Congress, ably organized with an evident sufficiency of funds, combined a zeal for peace—which we know in many cases to be perfectly sincere—with a remarkable discipline. Spain, which had provoked partisan resolutions of the usual type at the "Journée de la Paix," organized by the French section of the "Rassemblement" in Paris on August 8th, was ruled out of order. The Congress confined itself to proposals for the future conduct of the peace campaign among different classes of people (peasants; scientists; doctors; artists; those concerned in the theatre, the cinema and in broadcasting; aviators; the "Churches"; economists; co-operators; teachers; ex-soldiers; parliamentarians; trade unionists; women and youth)¹ and to the adoption of four points of policy. They are as follows:

1. The recognition of the sanctity of treaty obligations.
2. Reduction and limitation of armaments by international agreement and the suppression of profit from the arms-trade.
3. Strengthening the League of Nations to prevent and stop war by the organization of collective security and mutual assistance.
4. The creation of effective machinery within the League for remedying international conditions which might lead to war.

Since Catholics are, of course, perfectly free to advocate a programme such as this, and since the Cardinal himself is a strong supporter of everything which makes for peace, it is clear that it was not the object in view, but the means chosen to achieve it that prompted His Eminence to ban the Congress.

¹ International Commissions were set up for each one of these sections, and it is intended to form national Commissions corresponding to them.

Let us own at once that, much as this circumstance has rejoiced the hearts of Fascist and National Socialist journalists and those of their views in this country, a public difference on such a point between Lord Cecil and the Primate of Belgium is a thing to make angels weep. Here, while the air is heavy with the fear of war, and while a dizzy race in armaments is in progress, two venerable figures, equally devoted to peace, find themselves at variance. Lord Cecil, a devout Christian whose dogged devotion to the cause of the League of Nations excites the admiration even of his critics, represents in England the strongest organized body of public opinion whose aim it is to make the League an effective barrier against war. The eleven million votes of the Peace Ballot (the importance of which was, we know, realized by the Holy See) was an astonishing tribute to his leadership. Cardinal Van Roey, on the other hand, the authoritative spokesman of the Universal Church, has on many occasions proved his personal interest in the practical side of peace-making. Indeed, immediately after the International Peace Congress, the "Union Internationale d'Etudes Sociales" was in session at Malines, under the Cardinal's chairmanship, to consider the promulgation of a "Code of International Ethics" which the eminent sociologist, Father Muller, S.J., of Antwerp, has been preparing during the last year.

No one, appreciating the significance of these facts, will view with equanimity the apparent pitting of Catholicism against the international peace movement; nor can any good European observe without profound anxiety the reactions which this development is already producing, thanks to our purveyors of public hatred who seem bent upon crushing a bewildered humanity between the Scylla and Charybdis of Fascism and Communism. It is, indeed, a fantastic paradox which confronts the superficial observer; the religion of the Prince of Peace identified with bellicose nationalisms, and the apostles of atheism and class-warfare as the protagonists of international order! It is for those who know the truth to be very different, to examine calmly what has led to the situation which we have described, and at least to make an honest effort to understand the opposing opinions.

Harassed by the decline of the League's moral authority, which was precipitated by the failure of its action in the Abyssinian war, Lord Cecil and others, who play a leading part in the English peace movement, conceived it to be their most

urgent duty to bring into being, or to arouse to greater activity in Continental countries, organized bodies of public opinion devoted, as is the English League of Nations Union, to the defence of the Covenant. Hence the welcome given, early this year, to a plan brought to London by an emissary from Paris (of which more later) for the mobilization of every group willing to co-operate in a "Rassemblement Universel pour la Paix" to be set on foot by a World Congress at Geneva. The congenital incapacity of Englishmen to understand the depth of political divisions—and the relation of religion to those divisions—on the Continent, led to the brushing aside of all misgivings concerning the antipathies which must inevitably be aroused by an international campaign—however estimable its immediate programme—which originated as did the "Rassemblement" in the camp of the French Popular Front. Lord Cecil's view was, we gather, that the situation of Europe was too desperate to justify sacrificing the prospect of swift, popular action for peace to the counsels of political prudence. It was his declared intention to prevent the misdirection of the new venture for partisan purposes and, after the remarkable exclusion of extremist propaganda from the resolutions of the Brussels Congress, he is entitled to claim that he has so far succeeded in this aim. But the campaign has not lacked set-backs. The first was the refusal of the Trade Union Council to take part in it; the second the difficulties created by the Swiss Federal Government, which led to the abandonment of Geneva as the meeting-place of the Congress; the third the undisguised disinclination of the Belgian Government to welcome the party to Brussels; and the fourth, the thunderbolt from Malines. And the cause of these several oppositions was in each case the same: it was the belief that the movement had been initiated by the Communist International and would, in consequence, be used ultimately to increase the political influence of Communism. That was "the whole and sole cause" of Cardinal Van Roey's warning, to use His Eminence's own words.

It cannot be denied by anyone that these Communists came in large numbers, chiefly from France, to the Brussels Congress; a thousand is the lowest estimate of their numbers. But (prejudice apart) there are two possible explanations of the phenomenon to which reference has already been made—the "good behaviour" of these people, not to mention M. Cachin's publicly-expressed pleasure at co-operating with

Christians. The typical English explanation is, of course, that the Red Menace is "bunk"; that Communists, abandoning their former lonely truculence, have become sincerely devoted to the League of Nations, and that it is consequently absurd to refuse their proffered co-operation. The other explanation is that this peaceful penetration of Western pacifism by the obedient servants of the Third International is nothing more than an astute manoeuvre whereby, having formed a united front "against War and Fascism," Communism will win new sympathies and acquire a position of political power. "For this relief much thanks," is the motto of the former school; that of the latter, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

Though it is inaccurate and unfair to represent Communists as being numerically predominant in the "Rassemblement," an examination of the recent development of Communist policy provides only too much justification for this attitude of suspicion. The strategy of the Trojan Horse is precisely what the last Congress of the Third International adopted as the order of the day in August of last year; and the first city to be captured by that method was, as we shall see, to be the "peace movement." It is a new tactic. For a long while separate Communist organizations had been kept in being, not only for the general purposes of the party which involved open opposition to "reformist Socialism" and to the League of Nations, but also for a great number of subsidiary purposes. Their aim was to exploit every form of discontent, justifiable or not, against the existing political order in every continent. Thus we had the "Workers' International Relief," chiefly concerned with egging on the workers to prolong strikes in defiance of their own unions; the "International Class War Prisoners' Aid"; the "League Against Imperialism"; the "Anti-War Movement"; the "Friends of the Soviet Union"—those "innocents' clubs" as Willi Muenzenberg, the director of these auxiliary organizations, cynically described them; the "National Minority Movement" which aimed at forming Communist Trade Unions; the "National Unemployed Workers' Movement"; the "Proletarian Free Thinkers' International," of which the "League of Militant Atheists" is the English branch; the "Relief Committee for the Victims of German Fascism," and more of that ilk.

Two considerations led to the abandonment of this policy of pin-pricking the capitalist monster. The first was that it had not succeeded: it had merely exasperated the moderate

Labour Movement and had provided the police of every country with targets hard to miss. The second was that it had become a nuisance to the Kremlin; and Stalin is nothing if not thorough—as the fate of Zinovieff and his fellow doctrinaires bears witness. Faced with the expansionist designs of Japan and the military resurgence of Germany, Russia has turned to an alliance with France, and to the collective system of the League as a means of diminishing the danger of invasion. The tirades, in which the “Anti-War Movement” had delighted, “against governmental institutions and especially the League of Nations which functions at Geneva as the mouthpiece of the imperialist Powers,”¹ had thus become an impediment to Soviet policy. Hence a great many of the satellite organizations of the International have been allowed to shrink for lack of funds; others were combined together; but all were subordinated to the new strategy outlined at the Congress by Comrade Dimitrov:—

To apply the united front tactics in a new manner, by seeking to *reach agreement* with the toilers of *various political trends* for joint action on a factory, local, district, national and international scale.²

This was taken as “the point of departure” for all the actual resolutions of the Congress.

Now, the “united front” was to be promoted in two ways. It was, first, to be established in the industrial sphere by seeking to enter or form alliances with trade unions, in order to prepare

the transition from the defensive to the offensive against Capital, steering towards the organization of a mass political strike, in which it is indispensable that the participation of the principal trade unions of the country should be secured.

That is simply a new way of creating the preliminary conditions necessary for the dictatorship of the proletariat. It has been attempted in Spain with what results we see. Its first stage has been successful in France; but the staying power of the French civic tradition is too strong for a swift precipitation of the second stage. Moreover, it does not suit the book of Moscow to wreck—as internal revolution would do—the

¹ Resolution of Amsterdam Congress, August, 1932.

² This and the following quotations are taken textually from the official report of the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International.

military power of France. In England the Trade Union Congress has completely rejected the united front; so have the Dutch, Belgian and Swiss Unions. We doubt whether Stalin worries very much about this.

But the second type of united front forms an essential part of Russian diplomacy: it consists of mobilizing the widespread popular desire for peace for the dual purpose of strengthening the League as a form of protection against Japan and Germany, and of directing this body of opinion against Fascism in general and German National Socialism in particular. If in the process the Communist parties can establish their claim to political respectability and so obtain a growing share of political power, that will help to eliminate the various forces, religious and social, which are inimical to the Soviet philosophy. It may even lead, when occasion offers, to the establishment of a Government disposed, not merely for strategic purposes, but by its "ideology," to make common cause with Russia in every crisis. The World Revolution has temporarily receded into the background. The song, therefore, which Communism must now sing is that

the peace policy of the U.S.S.R. . . . is not only directed towards defence of the Soviet country; . . . it also protects the lives of the workers of all countries, the lives of all the oppressed and exploited; it means the defence of the national independence of small nations; it serves the vital interests of humanity, it defends culture from the barbarities of war.

The methods to be adopted are developed in the report of Comrade Ercoli: the salient points are the following:

The struggle for peace opens up before the Communist parties the greatest opportunities for creating the broadest united front.

The drawing of the pacifist organizations and their adherents into the united front of the struggle for peace acquires great importance in mobilizing the petty bourgeois masses [*sic*], progressive intellectuals, women and youth against war.

It is necessary to conduct not only general propaganda for peace, but primarily propaganda directed against the chief instigators of war, against the Fascist and other war parties.

Lastly, the need of respecting and exploiting patriotic senti-

ment (ignored by the original Marxist doctrinaires) is recognized.

Now there is much that is unobjectionable in these professed purposes. One can conceive Christians for Christian ends enlisting support against aggression; seeking to co-ordinate a great variety of groups desiring peace; upholding national independence. But *respice finem*. The end is made only too clear by the title of the concluding set of resolutions which immediately follows. It reads:

"From the struggle for Peace to the struggle for Revolution." The Congress is at pains to repudiate the contention that the Communists desire war, expecting it to bring revolution. At the same time, should war break out,

the Communists will strive to lead the opponents of war, organized in the struggle for peace, to the struggle for the transformation of the imperialist war into civil war against the Fascist instigators of war, against the bourgeoisie for the overthrow of Capitalism.

And again:

If the commencement of a counter-revolutionary war forces the Soviet Union to set the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army in motion for the defence of Socialism [which, being interpreted, means "if war breaks out between Russia and any of her neighbours"], the Communists will call upon all toilers to work, with all the means at their disposal and at any price, for the victory of the Red Army over the armies of the imperialists.

What is to be made out of this rigmarole? We conclude that (1) Communism is, for the time being at least, employed as the instrument of Russian foreign policy, which in itself is neither better nor worse than the defence of national interests by any other Power; (2) This involves, under the title of a "united front against War and Fascism," co-operation with, or infiltration into, any social, professional or political organizations in the West and Far East which are awake to the danger of military adventure by Germany or Japan ["religious-democratic and pacifist organizations" are particularly specified]; (3) Nothing, however, in all this alters such essential characteristics of Communism as its absolute materialism, its intention to overthrow the existing order by violence, and the blind obedience of its adherents; (4) Thus Communism

becomes, at least *per accidens*, the natural ally of all anti-religious and anti-social forces in any country where they already exist (e.g., the indigenous anti-clericalism of Spain; France; Latin America).

The third and fourth aspects of the matter, though doubtless of secondary importance to Stalin at present, are what matter most to the Catholic Church and make it necessary for Christians to reject Communist co-operation. This inevitably involves strong opposition to Communist penetration of any peace organization. Hence the recent decision of the Council of the International Federation of League of Nations Societies not to identify itself with the "Rassemblement."

However great the enthusiasm generated among honest people by the "Rassemblement" there is evidence that has led to the conclusion so widely held on the Continent that it is an outcome of the united front tactics elaborated by the Third International. While the wave of moral indignation against the Italian campaign in East Africa was at its height, M. Dolivet, a French Communist of Czech origin, an able and earnest man, sped from capital to capital with a very convincing plan for this "Rassemblement." The vaguest of welcomes or even acts of courtesy which he received from a diversity of persons, including Catholics, whom he visited in one country, promptly resulted in an imposing list of *adhérents* which served to secure the support of their opposite numbers in the next. The British Labour Party and the T.U.C., having M. Dolivet's *dossier*, which established his relationship to Muenzenberg and Dimitrov, refused to play. But armed with persuasive introductions from M. Pierre Cot he had, as we have shown, more success with most of the other bodies who had co-operated in the Peace Ballot. The usual machinery of national committees and an international secretariat (first temporary but now permanent) was not slow to emerge. A great Congress was the first objective: its transfer almost at the last moment from Geneva to Brussels was a public indication of official opposition due to the part played by Communists in the venture. It is difficult to see how, in view of these facts, coupled with the constant warnings uttered by the Pope against the insidious methods of Communism, the Primate of Belgium could have taken any other course than he did.

Such are the facts of the case set out historically and, we hope, fairly. It is for Catholics who take any part in the

moulding of public opinion upon international affairs, to consider the wisest course to pursue in each country, in view of the situation which we have described. Panic headlines do not help. We, who are the enemies of Communism, should do a poor service to Christianity and to peace if we allowed ourselves merely to be jockeyed into an indiscriminate support of Fascism with its utterly a-moral foreign policies. Nothing (speaking of our own country) has in fact made public opinion remain indifferent to the Holy Father's denunciations of Communism so much as the widespread popular identification of the Catholic Church with the least desirable aspects of Italian Fascism during and since the Abyssinian war. Again, it would be a sin against prudence and charity to drive honest men and good Protestants by a pugnacious controversy into the arms of Communism. Further, we have no right to abandon our own endeavours to prevent war and organize the peaceful co-operation of nations, nor yet to disregard our duties as citizens of a country legally and honourably committed to definite means of pursuing those good ends, just because of the purely opportunist decision of Communists to support them. The basis of a lasting peace proposed by Benedict XV to the belligerents of 1917 is now, as ever, indispensable to a sane organization of international life. The best way for Catholics to counteract the manoeuvres of Communism in this sphere is not to take refuge in negative piety behind a forest of nationalist bayonets. It is to uphold and give effect to that magnificent tradition of international justice and peace which they inherit from St. Augustine and St. Thomas, from Vittoria and Suarez, from Taparelli d'Azeglio and the great Popes of the last half-century. If they were foremost in advocating a constructive policy of peace, they would have less to fear from the Communist wolf in his latest (and somewhat ill-fitting) fleece.

OUT OF TIME

A EUGENIC NIGHTMARE

II

THE result of the Eugenic Law Evasion trial, with the unexpected tolerance of anti-social opinions which it revealed, made Scarron anxious to see those segregated folk amongst whom it was thought that Mary Gerrard's husband and their children had taken refuge—people who had not advanced along the paths of science and had remained wedded to traditional superstitions and obsolete dogmas. The sight of their benightedness would surely compensate for a certain disappointment he felt in the condition of the scientifically enlightened. Accordingly, he willed to be amongst them and straightway found himself in the Western Fruit Production Belt.

Fruit cultivation was one of the few occupations still demanding actual human effort. Machinery with mechanical "minders" had long ago solved all the manufacturing problems from textiles and tailoring to metal working and building, while the once major human industry, the hugely-wasteful, tedious and unpopular occupation of farming, had also been eliminated by scientific processes of food-production.

Even in the early years of the twentieth century there had come about a state of crisis caused by the steady drain of agriculturalists to the cities, of which the Eugenic Pioneers of the Age of Enlightenment had taken advantage to scare the human race into exclusive vegetarianism. It was a brilliant piece of propaganda work, based on the old Malthusian fallacy of population outgrowing food supply, for actually what the world was really suffering from was not under- but over-fecundity. Still, under this menace of starvation they were able to enforce contraception, sterilization and euthanasia, and thus assume the complete moral and physical control of the citizen by the State. Also they abolished the economically wasteful and disease-bearing herds and flocks, and substituted those synthetic processes for leather, animal textiles, etc., which brilliant inventors might otherwise have created in vain. Man was thus liberated from his servitude to the lower creation, born of his need of them for clothing

as well as for food. The Progressives, as noted above, were able by their system of chemical cultivation to make all men self-supporting, without endless labour in vast fields. Each citizen grew his own food in zinc trays in his own flat.

Each modern *de luxe* bath and kitchenette domicile (two living rooms attached) had its own food annexe, a large pantry with the statutory zinc shelves round the walls. Each shelf bore several inches of clean, chemically charged sand, and all the citizen had to do was to plant the necessary seeds in the prescribed rotation and wait the few days or weeks needful before garnering the scientifically-stimulated crop. Naturally, the electric fertilizing, temperature, vita-sunlight, and other controls to standardize growth were relayed from the Diet Department of the Block of Education, Legislation and Enlightenment, which also provided the medicated sand and seeds. Thus every home had personal and perpetual abundance. The crops were mainly green meats, dwarf grains, legumes, and so on; a dwarf variety of that universal provider, the soy or soya bean being the staple. Such a diet, necessarily standardized, was not without a certain monotony. To vary it the people made great use of fruit.

Fruit trees, however, cannot be grown in flats, indeed orchards capable of supplying the needs of a fruit-craving population demanded immense land-space. Luckily the State had plenty of such land in the deserted (once depressed) coal-fields, which electricity had supplanted. This area actually linked with the old apple and pear lands of the west, so that there arose a vast fruit belt stretching from what had been Devon to Lancashire, wherein, under favourable natural conditions, science encouraged the mass-production of all kinds of fruit, with a large population to tend them.

The very nature of the occupation of these People of the Belt, their distribution, sometimes in lonely huts amid acres of underwood, sometimes in small groups which they persisted in calling villages, to say nothing of their odd mental outlook that preferred empty nature to lively towns, gave these Fruiters a certain independence of standard habits that often caused concern to the Board of Experts.

They had, among other things, consistently ignored rather than defied the rulings of the Mating Rota; and, as they made their own unions among themselves and often for life, so they never troubled to register their offspring or send them to the State Crèches at the age of five as the law demanded. Since

also, they had a curiously primitive distaste of inspection, easily evadable in their vast tree-clad fastnesses, it was practically impossible to bring them to book, and equally impossible to discover just how many and what people there were in the Belt.

However, since scientific civilization had developed a mainly urban population with marked disinclination to country life, it did not prove too easy to find workers willing to bury themselves in the wilds; therefore, from the mere necessity of keeping fruit production up to consumption level the Board of Experts found it wise to turn a blind eye on the doings of the Fruiterers.

They did, however, establish a cordon of sanitary guards to confine these people, whose psychology actually verged on the certifiable Mental, within their own Belt. They did this well enough, yet what they failed to do was to keep citizens out. The verdure-filled valleys of the Belt and the difficulties of its supervision, made it an ideal refuge for people fleeing from the law. Scarron saw that when he found Mary Gerrard's husband and children, sheltered amongst one of the smaller communities, in the heart of the forest-clad hills and connected with the western coast by a number of trails. Thus it could be reached and left with every chance of secrecy, and was also the natural rallying-point for the seminary priests making the crossing from Ireland. Scarron saw five of these in the settlement.

They and the Fruiter folk, a rough yet hearty lot, filled Scarron's spirit with unease. They were evidently uncultivated, yet they exhibited a cheerful vitality quite startling after the slack despondency of London, and had the same suggestion of secret strength and living individuality that he had seen in Mary Gerrard and recollected in Mary Campion, as though there was something within that surpassed mere mental brilliance. That, of course, was absurd, for most, like Mary Campion of old, were frankly non-scientific; was it, perhaps, that "character" was humanly more significant than brains?

Not that Mary Gerrard's husband or children lacked brains. Michael Havers was indeed disquietingly dynamic. He was plainly a consumptive, like R. L. Stevenson and Francis Thompson, and as such rightly certifiable as a danger to the community, yet he had physical beauty and mental fire and capacity that endowed him with vast moral vitality. He pos-

sessed high organizing genius. For years his had been the brain that had safeguarded the coming and going of the seminary priests. He had organized a network of secret routes, hiding and resting places all over the country in a way to defy the closest search of the Government. That ability, plus his burning zeal, had been largely instrumental in keeping the fire of Christianity alive in the country :—a great man by most standards, yet now that the world had attained its present superb uniformity he was reckoned, eugenically speaking, a criminal and had no right to existence.

Superb uniformity—did that banish change or fear? He thought of the peace of London. It seemed so unshakeable. Was it? He went back there in space and forward, some twenty years, in time. The great parks and the living blocks were the same, though here and there some were being shut up for lack of inhabitants. Also the people were more apathetic and aged than ever and . . . no longer placid but anxious. He soon knew why. The loud-whisperers on their shoulders were crying startling news. The first item ran :

DISASTER AT GENEVA
LEAGUE'S POLICE ARMADA DESTROYED

The second was :

PRIMITIVES LEAVING RESERVATIONS
DENSE MASSES OF MOSLEMS REPORTED TO BE
FLYING MEDITERRANEAN.

Only vaguely at first did listeners connect the two happenings, though their very unusualness filled them with dread.

To take the first. Scarron recalled how the League of Equity had come into being because of its ability to do what the old League of Nations had failed to do—enforce Peace. As the Italo-Abyssinian business and the Social War that followed demonstrated, the League of Nations had failed because it could not compel the heavily-armed dictatorships of its day to obey its awards : a failure which had inspired a group of American scientists to devote their abilities to discovering some weapon that would give the League coercive power. It took them over twenty years, but at the end they did produce the Commonwealth aeroplane and the Atomic Rain. The aeroplane was a queer, oddly flat structure propelled by the usual rocket gasses at a speed of nearly 600 miles per hour, with an immense cruising range (it manufactured its

own gas) and perfect hovering stability. Its peculiar advantages were that it was constructed of a secret alloy that made it practically invisible in all lights, so that with its immense speed and silence and secret magneto-repellent that turned shells aside, it was quite impossible to bring it down.

As a weapon it was no more than a flying container for the Atomic Rain, which it discharged from whirling nozzles to fall to the earth over a wide area. It was this Rain that gave it its awful power. What its nature was few knew, but of its deadly effect there was no doubt. Wherever it fell it acted instantaneously as a disintegrating force, reducing everything it touched—material or man—to grey powder.

This was proved when Japan, always outside the League, having mastered China, defied Geneva's ultimatum and attacked Tibet. The League sent one Commonweal plane against Kobe. It evaded the swarms of defensive aeroplanes and anti-aircraft devices with ease, quartered over the city of Kobe for twenty minutes dropping the Atomic Rain—and Kobe was no more. Its buildings, ship-yards, teeming population—everything, vanished into thick dust. There was no explosion, no drama, only a layer of grey powder to tell where Kobe had been. Japan, still unable to credit such marvels, remained defiant until Nagasaki, Osaka and Tokyo were wiped out, then it surrendered to the League.

That was not only the end of war but of all armaments. The League at last had a weapon by which it could enforce its ideals, and luckily the Council was made up of a body of unbiased and scientific internationalists who did not fail to make the most of their unique opportunity. They insisted on complete world disarmament and would listen to no excuses. One nation tried to temporize with the old procrastinating evasions—the League radioed a warning to its inhabitants to evacuate all areas round arsenals before a certain hour, and at that hour the Atomic Rain reduced those arsenals and their contents to dust.

That was the final stroke. The peoples of all civilized States (always 90 per cent anti-war in spite of their rulers) saw that at last the League had justified itself as the sole, non-partisan power in the world. They backed it unanimously. They not only insisted on their own complete disarmament but, should cliques among them endeavour to conceal arms, there was always someone to inform on them. In less than a year there wasn't as much as a dagger or a grain of black

powder in the civilized world. Peace had done its job thoroughly.

Of course, some of the Primitives (the Non-Union and backward races) thought that this seeming defencelessness of civilization gave them the opportunity for indulging their native instincts for conquest and slaughter. The Mongols, for instance, attempted to repeat the story of Kublai Khan and overrun Russia. But in an age of radio and swift communications their attack was doomed. Two Commonweal planes flew over their hordes and the Mongols were no more.

The Moslems, who had formed a giant Non-Union confederation stretching from Afghanistan through Arabia and Africa to Morocco, tried a subtler move. They secretly secured the world's out-of-work gunmakers and set them to work constructing arms and making gasses in the hidden fastnesses of their deserts and hills. But such things could not be hidden. Devoted agents of the League went among the Moslems in disguise, sending back reports by their portable radios, and this time the League determined to make a demonstration that would end such threats for ever.

They waited until the Moslems had everything in readiness. Then, when the Emir of the East called his war-lords to a final conference in Baghdad, the Commonweal planes appeared over the huge, war-eager hordes. The war-plotters were obliterated to a man, and not merely were their hidden arsenals destroyed, but the planes quartered the whole of the Moslem East, annihilating every tribe and village that possessed arms, and promising that, should they ever dare to threaten the world's peace again, the whole Moslem community would be exterminated as a Public Danger.

This threat, broadcasted all over the world, not merely ended war, but all thoughts of war. The civilized peoples stopped bothering their heads about it, giving their minds entirely to the triumphs of Enlightenment, Equity and Progress. In time war ceased even to be a memory. It is true there had been some who saw danger in the fact that the world depended on just that small group of Commonweal aeroplanes for its security, picturing how easily that one weapon might be imitated, or put out of action and the universal disaster that could follow; but the League itself anticipated no such danger.

The secrets of the planes, the alloy, magneto-repellents, the Atomic Rain and the rest, were known only to a sworn few.

There was only one set of plans, which only a specially chosen Permanent Custodian might handle. On taking office his predecessor initiated him into the method of serving out the working specifications, so that no body of craftsmen knew more than a fraction of the secret. At all other times the papers were safely locked away in the vaults of the League's Archive Block at Geneva.

No more than four of the Commonweal planes, with a year's supply of Atomic Rain, were allowed to exist at one time. These were housed in a special concrete hangar on an artificial island constructed in the middle of Lake Geneva. They were guarded by a body of thirty aviator-guards, who were not merely specially sworn but, like the old Knights Templar, actually dedicated by life-vow to their office.

They had never failed in their trust. There had never even been a threat of danger to the planes, so that civilization had actually forgotten the possibility of danger until now. That was no doubt why the guards were taken by surprise; the Moslems must even have counted on it, for there was no doubt that they were working to a carefully-thought-out and long-prepared plan.

It succeeded. They managed to kill the guards and blow up not only the four planes in their hangar, but the strong-room wherein the secret of their manufacture was hidden. Then they set out to conquer a weaponless world.

Like locusts their numbers were overwhelming. Their faith had forbidden their adopting the healthy, Eugenic population restrictions of civilization (one reason why it had been necessary to segregate them as primitives), now in vigorous, fanatic, blood-lusting and outnumbering *youth* they flung themselves on a defenceless, depopulated and *aged* world.

They attacked without pity : they came to destroy and kill. Not merely had the slaughter of the Emir of the East taught them the value of shattering terror, their own barbarous tenets gave them a relentless hatred of civilization and civilized peoples, whom they regarded as unnatural, perverted, and unfit to live. Without attempting to warn or negotiate they swarmed over the coastal towns, destroying Athens, Sofia, Bucharest, Naples, Rome, Genoa and Milan; Toulon and Marseilles and all Spanish cities as far north as the Badajoz-Valencia line, while working up the Atlantic coastline as far as Oporto.

There was simply no resistance. An outnumbered, aged and sedentary people, with no other weapons but their bare hands, could not stand against even crude bombs and iron weapons in the hands of virile killers. Europe was being sacked with fire, explosion and death with a horrible ease.

How had they escaped the watchful eye of the League in thus accumulating the means of war? Scarron's timeless insight showed him that the Moslems had been secretly preparing for this attack since the punishment of the Emir of the East. They had, through generations, been securing steady amounts of saltpetre and sulphur for fertilizing and other reasons. Charcoal they made themselves for fuel. With these ingredients each family had manufactured every year a small supply of black gunpowder—so small, in fact, that it was easily overlooked by the League's spies. But even small supplies when multiplied by millions and accumulated secretly through years can become a formidable amount.

In the same way, their clinging to the old, primitive iron plough and tool tillage, caused the League to permit them a limited use of this metal. Again, each Moslem had secretly set aside a tiny portion of it for the secret manufacture of bomb cases and even cutting weapons. Again this manufacture had been so infinitesimal and personal that it had escaped attention, but again the accumulation through the years had meant enormous stocks ready for "the day."

So it had been with the flying apparatus. This, with its propellent gasses (contained in neat cartridges) was a German invention manufactured at Essen, with subsidiary plants at Moscow for the East and Pittsburg for the Union of the Americas. The League had purposely restricted manufacture to these three places, recognizing the danger of unrestricted supplies. For this reason, too, only limited supplies, to cover wear and damage and yearly use, were allowed to the peoples of the Reservations. The Moslems had always taken their full quotas but never used more than a fraction, and so by quiet, slow and seemingly innocent means, had accumulated enough of the apparatus and gas to supply, anyhow, the first stages of their invasion.

That their supplies were limited was grasped at once by the Council, and they determined to destroy at once the means of further aggression by blowing up the great works at Essen. But having done this what was their surprise when the Moslems in their turn destroyed the whole plant at Moscow, thus

seemingly abolishing their powers of entire conquest. The reason was soon evident. The Moslems had still superior mobility : they had the horse.

The Primitives alone of the peoples of the earth had clung to what civilization considered an obsolete and unclean animal. Horsemanship had, indeed, always been the glory of the barbarous. In this hour of the overthrow of civilized man's furthestmost advance it became so again. There were now, it must be remembered, no other methods of mechanical transport in the world. There had been no need for them for a hundred years, since the rocket gas sufficed for all things. The Moslems saw that. Deprive the world of its one method of progression and it was reduced to footpace, and the feet of the horse were the masters of man. The conquering horse was on the march in the world again, striking terror everywhere, as its first appearance did to the aborigines of the Americas.

And, alas ! no help could be looked for from that great hemisphere. The Moslems had been working with the American Primitives, those in the Reservations of Mexico, Brazil and the Northern Territories, all of whom had risen in arms at the same time as the Moslems. They, too, were destroying civilization—including the huge flying and radio plants at Pittsburg.

The whole world seemed doomed to slaughter. The first enormous thrusts of the enemy were aimed to carry them straight through Switzerland to Denmark, dividing Europe in two. There they were to link with the vast encircling movement from Russia, and the similar swing from the West through France, Spain and the British Isles. When all this was complete Europe would be in the hollow of their hands and could be reduced by cavalry operations.

It was the failure of this Westerly swing that broke their plan. It was difficult, of course ; there was the irregular coastline to conquer and especially the British Isles to secure, if they were to protect their flank. They weren't alone in seeing this was the most critical point of their advance. A young man from the English Fruit Belt, whom Scarron knew as Michael Gerrard Havers, once the little son of that organizing genius who had ruled there so effectively, saw what was needed and had the energy to do it.

He flew to London at once and burst his way into the Board of Experts in spite of the fact that the doorkeepers

strove to keep him out as an unregistered and indeed certifiable Anti-Social Mental. But the panic that reigned in London, even among the Board of Experts, enabled so vehement and violent a fellow to have his way. And he lost no time, for he had none to lose, in putting his plan before them. They must not wait for the Moslems, they must go out and fight them.

"Fight!" the Chairman of the Board wailed. "We can't fight. We don't know how."

"We must fight or be exterminated," Havers told them, "and when there's no alternative one soon learns. Besides, I have 30,000 Fruiters to show you how, tough, plucky natural men"—the Board shuddered at the thought of them. "More, we'll call on the Irish, they're Catholics with the habit of fighting the infidel in their blood. Broadcast an order for what youth your enlightenment has left you, to fly at once to the Isle of Wight. If we're quick, we may yet fling Islam back as Charles Martel did in ancient days."

"But how can we fight armed hordes without weapons?" one of the Experts asked.

"What weapons have they beyond bombs?" Havers cried. "Only clubs and daggers and such bits of things. We can collect the same as we go—tree branches, bits of rock, we can even rip the chromium piping out of your spindly furniture and use that, or get scrap rods from the junk heaps, anything—."

"But their bombs?"

"Only effective against buildings or mobs," young Havers scoffed, "not much good if we tackle them in the air. That's my plan. We'll meet them as they come over the sea, as they must to attack us; and flinging bombs at flying men won't do much harm. And once they've flung their bombs it'll be man to man, fist to fist—and I'll back my Fruiters and Irish to be the equal of any Moslem in such scrapping—degenerates though you label us. But they'll be in force and I'll want every man you can fly to outnumber them, so broadcast the alarm and your orders darn quick."

The Board of Experts were shocked by his wild violence, but that violence was their only hope in a supine world. Within minutes only, the Nation's loud-whisperers were broadcasting young Havers's orders, with full, if rather shaky instructions for gathering weapons on the way to the Isle of Wight.

Thus, as the dark hordes of Islam came pouring north from

Ushant and Le Havre to bomb the British coast, they were met in mid-Channel by a cloud of flying fighters. The weather, as usual in the island's story, favoured England, and, as usual, the hour produced the genius to make the most of it. The sky was masked with low rain clouds, and Michael Gerard Havers holding his force above them until the last moment, dropped them right down on the Moslems with all the staggering shock of surprise.

As Havers had said, bombs were of little use in that kind of swooping, soaring mêlée, and there were other things in favour of the defence. The Moslems were wearied after the long, swift rush up Europe and having met with no real opposition so far they weren't ready for it; above all they weren't at home over the sea. For all these reasons that amazing and surprising charge out of the clouds was doubly effective and went far to neutralize the enemy's greater numbers. And when they were staggering in confusion from the headlong smash, Havers radioed his second army of Fruiters and Irishmen to swing round Land's End and take the bewildered Moslems on the flank and rear—and the battle was won. That swooping, far-stretched line crashed on to and round the shaken flank, rolled it up and flung the whole disordered mass in chaos back on to the French coast. The panic the Moslems had struck into civilization now struck them, they broke and fled—the first battle against the conquerors had been won, the first in a long series which all but annihilated the fruits of centuries of "science." But at any rate the Western flank of Europe was saved.

Saved, Scarron mused, by a genius who, under the Eugenic laws had no right to exist at all. But whether finally saved or, in that event, how, he had yet to learn.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

MANILA : CONGRESS-CITY

FOR those of you in foreign lands who are contemplating a visit to the Philippines in February next to assist at the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress, a few further words on the actual scene of the gathering may be interesting and helpful. **THE MONTH** has already described the general aspects of the Archipelago and its history remote and recent,¹ whilst the specific "missionary" character of the Congress, and the spiritual work it is called upon to do, has also been adequately stressed.² But there is room for an account of the actual site and surroundings of the Congress, the populous, capital city of Manila, founded by the Spaniards in 1571, captured by the Americans in 1897, and handed back to the Filipinos, vastly improved and extended, at the end of last year, when the United States formally recognized Philippine Independence.

Manila is situated on the west coast of the northernmost island of the Archipelago, Luzon, at the mouth of the river Pasig which runs east into Manila Bay. This is the largest and finest natural harbour in the Far East, occupying an area of 770 square miles, with an entrance about ten miles wide, which expands to about thirty-five inside at its widest part. The port is 1,343 miles from Singapore, and about half that, 640, from Hong Kong. To reach it from England, one has to traverse the whole southern coasts of Europe and Asia, a tortuous and complicated passage; from America, north and south, the breadth of the Pacific Ocean. But every year these distances are shrinking as the aeroplane develops. The papers have reported that a young lady has reached Australia in less than six days from England, whilst the American "China Clipper" has "made" Manila from California in under sixty hours. But most pilgrims to our Congress must, alas! be content with the old-fashioned mail-boats.

In these they will enter the Bay past the fortified island, Corregidor, that stands in the narrow entrance, and sail for two hours before they reach the harbour breakwater, within which ocean-going ships find safe anchorage or tie up at the

¹ "The New Commonwealth of the Philippines," by J.K., March, 1936.

² "The Coming Manila Congress," by C. C. Martindale, S.J., May, 1936.

extensive piers and docks. Before the American engineers enclosed and dredged this area, all vessels had to find accommodation in the Pasig river that divides the city into North and South, and therein the inter-island traffic still finds adequate docking facilities. But now the Port section opens from the south side of the river mouth into a magnificently-equipped harbour of a depth of thirty feet, and the contiguous landward area has been drained and laid out in drives and pleasure grounds. The Luneta Park region—not long ago under the sea—and the Dewey Boulevard are great additions to the amenities of the old walled city, "Intramuros," which lies between them and the river.

On the bay side of the boulevard are rows of shapely palm trees contributing a note of tropical beauty but little shade to the picture. Plans are already in progress to carry this lovely drive far down the curving shore to where the tall twin towers of the Naval Station at Cavite stand out against the sky.

Intramuros, enclosed by thick stone walls twenty-five feet high and two and a half miles in circumference, is now but a small fragment of greater Manila, perhaps a twenty-fifth of its area, but very densely populated. Once surrounded by swamps and marshes, and consequently very unhealthy, it changed the character of its inhabitants when drainage created new and attractive suburbs, and the fine old mansions of the rich became slums. The moat has been filled in and a good golf course now circles a great portion of the walls.

Marked features of the old city are the many ancient churches belonging to the various Religious Orders who evangelized the country and made this great Malayan race thoroughly and permanently Catholic. They clustered here originally for safety and here their mother-houses remain, though the Orders—Augustinian, Franciscan, Dominican, Recollect, Jesuit—have, of course, spread with the growth of the city. The Jesuits, suppressed in the Spanish Dominions in 1767, did not return till 1859, when they founded their famous high-school, the "Ateneo," which, after it was destroyed by fire, was re-erected near its famous Observatory, at the city end of the Dewey Boulevard.

Right beside the ruins of the old "Ateneo" in Intramuros, rises the house and church of the Augustinians, the latter remarkable for the fact that only one of its twin towers remains, the survival of a great earthquake a long time ago. The debris was duly cleared away in preparation for re-erect-

tion, but the work has not yet been taken in hand. Mañana?

Most impressive of all are the great church of Santo Domingo with its vast convento, and some of the allied colleges of the University of Santo Tomas standing in the north-eastern section of Intramuros. An imposing set of buildings they make, but the central administrative building and undergraduate department are in an entirely new educational area of the city towards the suburb of New Manila.

The Capuchin branch of the sons of St. Francis, belonging to the Basque Province, came very late to the islands and, seeing all the Religious Orders gathered within the walled city, they naturally followed suit. It is a species of irony that in the little modern church of this austere reform, fashion has decreed that what we may entitle "Mayfair weddings" should be celebrated.

We might fill many more pages without mentioning all the old churches in this quarter. But since a pamphlet has been issued by the Publicity Committee dealing with them all, we need only mention that here, too, is the sole parish church of the locality, the Cathedral of St. Thomas, dedicated on December 21, 1581, when the archdiocese of Manila was erected. The present, however, is not the original edifice, but the fourth of its successors, dating from 1879, the others having been destroyed by earthquake or typhoon during the long course of three centuries. It is in Romanesque style, built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, the only building material readily accessible in the island, and its lofty dome provides the first and last glimpse of the city from the sea. In fact, from the centre of its great cross is made the astronomical determination of all longitudes in the Archipelago.

A turn to the right as we pass out of the cathedral plaza and we are beside the Pasig, near its mouth. Numerous low bancas with rounded framework overhead covered with matting, make house-boats in which the families live, working up and down the river with their cargoes. Big inter-island boats are numerous along the quays. Before crossing the river we may note the monument to Magallanes, leader of the first expedition to circumnavigate the globe. He died, you may recall, at Mactan Island far to the south, within sight of Cebu, where he was being entertained, with his weather-scarred veterans, by a friendly chieftain. The latter invited his guests to share the excitement of a private war he was waging, and Magellan, as we call him, was literally only too

ready to oblige, with the result that he was killed by a chance arrow whilst wading ashore.

To get to the north city there are only three bridges, which are quite insufficient to accommodate traffic. The river Pasig which drains the immense Bay Lagoon fifteen miles to the south-east of the city is short enough, but of fair volume and depth. The Jones bridge, a wide iron structure, leads to the Escolta, the heart of the business and financial section: relatively tall buildings—six, eight stories—earthquakes forbid anything more ambitious: smart, well-kept shops, department stores, Boticas (Botica is a drug store, and we rather run to drug stores in Manila). The streets are on the narrow side, and motor-cars jostle and crowd one another. Here is Rosario Street with Binondo church in the distance. All the shops are Chinese. The native trade from of old has always been in the hands of the Chinese, just as among the same race in Malaya. Take a walk through the bazaars of Penang and Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, and they tell the same story of the unmistakable flair of the Southern Chinese for trade. The banks, some half-dozen big ones, including the powerful Hong Kong Bank and Shanghai Bank, are all here, housed in important buildings, so that the Escolta is a very presentable and attractive place of its kind; large, too, in extent and packed with people, except during lunch and siesta hours, 12.30—2.30, when the important shops are closed, and the place nearly deserted.

I called attention to a large church ending the vista of Rosario Street, which runs straight to it from the Jones bridge. Parish churches here more often than not are designated by the district they serve; thus is Binondo, so we have Tondo, Quiapo, Sampaloc, Ermita, Malate, Singalong, etc., etc. It sounds as if we were as well provided outside the Walled City as within, where they are so comparatively numerous. Alas! no: would it were so! No Catholic account of the Philippines fails to stress the melancholy fact that owing to historical causes the priesthood of the Philippines has become totally inadequate for its most elementary needs. A population of nearly fourteen millions, 85 per cent of which is Catholic, have only fourteen hundred priests; of these 800 are native, 600 foreign. Nor, unhappily, is even this inadequate number totally engaged in parish work. A large number are engaged in teaching in schools and seminaries. This is a most necessary and absolutely vital work, and should be

multiplied in many places, but it further reduces the utterly inadequate number that labour among the people.

The dearth of priests, of priestly vocations, and the lack in parents of appreciation of the sacerdotal dignity, which hampers vocations, have been a real and very grievous calamity, and it is our fond hope and desire that God will take occasion of the coming Congress to send more labourers into this fruitful but neglected vineyard. Father Martindale's article in May elaborated the need and the means that are being taken to supply it.

The Catholics of England in earlier and less happy days have known what it was to lack a sufficiency of native clergy. Now that they are better provided for, we are glad to acknowledge the practical sympathy which inspires them to help us. In a recent trip to Iloilo among the Southern islands (the Bisayas we call them), I found the efficient secretary of the Bishop to be a Mill Hill Father, Father Knight, a seasoned missionary of much experience and many years' labour in the northern part of the Island of Panay. More than two score of his brethren labour in that diocese, which counts itself extremely fortunate to have them, as Mgr. McCloskey, its Bishop, is the first to testify.

The meeting of bishops, presided over by His Excellency Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, in its general session last February, launched a very special campaign in preparation for the Congress. They wished above all that it should be made an occasion of a real spiritual awakening for their flock. Here are some details unmarked by Father Martindale. A new Catholic weekly, national in scope, the *Philippine Commonwealth*, has been started which has already secured, and well deserves, wide support. A scattered people like the Filipinos need every possible bond of cohesion, and a national periodical serves them as a means of self-knowledge and a voice to address the world. Moreover, a continued series of miniature Eucharistic Congresses in every parish is leading up, with admirable effect, to the great event of next February, and a widespread system of retreats for students of every age and both sexes is securing an appreciation of what faith in the divine Sacrifice and Sacrament means and entails. To a man with a real aptitude for this work was assigned the task—no light one—of visiting the different colleges, academies and schools and enlisting the co-operation of the authorities. There are sixty such institutions scattered over the island—

twenty-two in Manila alone—and 150 parochial schools, besides many catechetical centres, and twelve seminaries to serve the ten Dioceses, and one Prefecture-Apostolic into which the Archipelago is divided.

It must be remembered that the thirty-five years of American administration which conferred such remarkable helps to the material prosperity of the islands—it found seventeen lighthouses in 1898, and in 1933 left 216, besides 213 buoys and beacons—also established a system of secular education which, aided by the proselytizing activities of wealthy American sects, made grievous inroads on the faith of the young, and spread amongst them the persuasion that the Catholic religion was merely Spanish and therefore obsolete and abandoned by really progressive nations. From that terrible handicap, Catholics are slowly recovering, and one splendid effect of missionaries and teachers from English-speaking countries has been to destroy it. It is not even yet lawful to teach religion during school-hours; hence we have to do our best after secular tuition is over for the day. It is not easy to persuade the ordinary boy and girl, eager for rest and play, voluntarily to stay in after school-hours, and there is still enough of the old secular influence left to invent further obstacles in the shape of extra-curricular activities.

It will take many years before the evil effects of arrogant American Protestantism, dominating the Government schools for two or three generations, can be purged from the Filipino school-system, but the approaching Congress which emphasizes the world-wide spread and force of Catholicism, may be expected to do much. Happily, the fine flower of the Catholic youth, educated in the private Catholic schools (open, alas! only to those who can pay tuition) is eagerly answering the call to serve as catechists and to try to vindicate Catholic rights in the face of veiled or open opposition. Thus the enlargement in the number and scope of catechetical centres also forms an integral part of our preparatory work for the Congress.

Manila is a city of strange architectural contrasts. Great churches, noble University buildings, large and imposing Government structures, extensive factories, hotels and club-houses, on a palatial scale, and whole quarters of suburban mansions, do not sum up the accommodation of its 300,000 native inhabitants. These live in palm-thatched huts made of bamboo, or on boats in the various tidal creeks permeating



THE PHILIPPINES IN RELIEF

Showing the vast ocean "troughs" whereby they are surrounded.

From the Manila Year Book.



CRATER OF TAAL VOLCANO

Situated S.E. of Manila, in most fertile and picturesque surroundings;
its last eruption occurred in 1911.

From the collection of the Rev. R. Brown, S.J.

the North city, or in the old adobe buildings of the inner city. As for the former, for light and air and coolness, they are much to be preferred to the congested tenements of the city which, until Christianity draws level with prosperity, will continue to be a reproach to this, as to every other, great city. The housing of the poor, ever a pitiful and tragic example of man's inhumanity to man, which affronts us everywhere, is the forcing-ground of Communism, and cries to heaven for vengeance and to Catholic Action for redress. At any rate, the dwellings of the well-to-do are now plentiful and manifest enough to keep before the civic authorities a model of what the whole city ought to be.

A good specimen of the effectiveness of a spacious park layout can be seen in the neighbourhood of Jones bridge. Here are two important and impressive public buildings of classical design. At the north end of the bridge is the imposing Post Office Building, the general clearing-house for all incoming and outgoing foreign mails. With its driveways it spans the space between the Jones bridge and the Santa Cruz bridge. From its steps, looking south, may be seen the loveliest prospect, with the possible exception of the Luneta, in the whole city, for it is largely open and park-like below. Taft Avenue, which rivals the Dewey Boulevard in impressiveness, begins here and runs clear and broad out to Pasay on the Bay. There is a wide stretch of tree-bordered common on the right of the Avenue which leads up to the second notable public building, the seat of the National Legislature, with wide lawns in front and on either hand.

We have already mentioned the great Dominican University of Santo Tomas. Besides this there are other Universities, the University of the Philippines, founded by the Americans in 1908, the National University, and the Manila University, so that Filipino youth has abundant provision of higher learning. Just opposite the area occupied by the University of the Philippines is the Manila Observatory, and beside it in spacious grounds, the fine, newly-erected buildings of the "Ateneo de Manila," which, as we have mentioned, moved hither in 1932 after fire had destroyed its ancient home in the Walled City. It is under Jesuit management since the Fathers started it on their return in 1855, and has now more than a thousand students in Liberal Arts and Science and Law. The street on which it stands, Calle Padre Faura, is named after the founder of the Observatory, itself an off-shoot of the "Ateneo," and

inaugurated in 1865. The Observatory, which is more concerned with the sea and the air than with the heavens, has a deservedly high reputation for the services it has rendered and still renders to the shipping of the China Seas.

As intending visitors may reasonably be anxious regarding the perils of this restless piece of ocean, we may interpolate a few words, straight, so to speak, from the horse's mouth, about the likelihood of a typhoon coinciding with the time of the Congress. Since we started writing these lines, we have had, alas! a typical specimen of these disastrous visitations which struck the island of Luzon to the north of Manila and wrought considerable damage to life and property about October 10th. The "season" for typhoons in the China Sea lasts from July to November, and the Philippines are in their natural path, from the equatorial waters around the island of Yap to the coast of China. Now Father Selga, S.J., director of the Observatory, has lately published a descriptive atlas of all the typhoons which have visited the Archipelago since 1902, and thus obtained confirmation of the fact that there is a close season for these phenomena. After November they are uncommon, January hardly ever experiences one, February never: the embargo on typhoons in that month is absolute. So any pilgrim, who includes among his motives for visiting us the desire to repeat the experiences of Joseph Conrad, must be prepared for disappointment.

But, you may not unfairly ask—"is there also a close season for earthquakes? It would be small consolation to have traversed safely the South China Sea, if on land one was liable to be crushed under the dome or walls of the Cathedral." Here I must answer with a distinction. You will probably experience a quakelet or two, such a baby tremor as might sway your mosquito curtain or make your bed-frame creak. The Philippines are of volcanic origin, and Mount Mayon, about 250 miles to the south-east of Luzon, is still in active operation. But real earthquakes are not common on the west coast, where the ocean depth is only between two and three miles. One might not speak so confidently about the south-east, for there the islands abut on the Philippine Deep, the most profound under-water cavity in the globe. Everest might be sunk in it and the summit would still be a mile from the surface, for that chasm is six and a half miles in depth! However, Mindanao is some ninety miles away from the edge of this appalling profundity, and not very likely to slip into it.

Moreover, visitors who sleep on shipboard, as many will, need not fear the smallest seismic disturbance.

One final word on the actual Congress programme. The Papal Legate, Cardinal Denis Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia,¹ will be welcomed by the Civil and Ecclesiastical authorities on February 3rd, and conducted in a triumphant procession to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving will be sung and the Congress formally opened. Follow thereafter on the successive days, the ordinary routine features—Children's Mass, the Women's and the Men's, culminating in the great Sunday morning General Communion of the whole Eucharistic world here gathered.

The attractive centre for all the great functions will be a majestic temporary altar in the Luneta. The time—the freshness of early morning with a low sun; the season—the closing of our winter, mild yet not hot, with the sun still far below the Equator. It may be that a storm in the China Sea will send us a heavy downpour to freshen the lawns, but February is a dry month, the mean for the month being about half an inch. Otherwise the Luneta will not be looking its best for the occasion. Beyond the actual grounds of the Congress lies behind us the bay, before us the Walled City and the fine mansions at the edge of the Boulevard. Given a little moisture there will be widespread greenery about and the exotic touch of a tropical palm-bordered avenue.

Here upon the broad plain of the Luneta, during these momentous days of the great Congress, we shall have that ineffable glory which neither sea, nor land, nor valley, nor lofty mountain can give to the natural eyes. Drawn, as we have been, from the four ends of the earth to do what we can to add our little human mite to that unspeakable radiance of Divine Love, before which we bow, we shall sing Glory to the Lord of Hosts with full hearts.

One final word. The Philippines have long been a strong out-post of the Faith in the Far East, destined perhaps by Providence to be the immediate instrument for the Christianization of the whole Malay Archipelago, not to speak of the Chinese mainland and the Empire of Japan. Wrested forcibly from the Catholic tradition of Spain at the beginning of the century, and exposed for three decades and more to the full force of American secularism, they have at last

¹ A very happy choice, since the Cardinal has already served as Bishop in the Philippines, the first American to do so after the Occupation in 1898, in the diocese of Nuova Segovia in 1903, and in that of Jaro in 1908.

regained, with their independence, the opportunity of developing once more the full Catholic life. But they still need the help of the Church Universal. "Every Catholic from whatever land," says the Bishop of Jaro, a diocese in the south of the Island of Panay, "who goes to Manila for the Eucharistic Congress will do a sterling work for the Church in the Philippines." His Lordship points out that, even in the Islands, Russian Communism is at work, exploiting the unsettlement begun by the American sects. And there is, of course, the ceaseless commercial penetration of the pagan Chinese and Japanese, which must bring with it dangers to the Faith. Happily, the Japanese, at the annual Pacific Relations Conference held in California during August, have formally and explicitly disclaimed any menace to Philippine political independence, and even proposed that Japan, the States and Great Britain should conclude a treaty guaranteeing permanently the independence and neutrality of the Islands. A clearly-defined and publicly-announced policy of the sort would do much to free the energies of the Filipinos for the great task of building up a strong Catholic people in a country highly favoured by Nature and blessed by Providence.

ARTHUR J. McCAFFRAY.

The Wayside Flower

HERE I see Omnipotence
Vested in the weak.
Straight unto my inner sense
God begins to speak:
"Spill a drop of heaven's blue
On a tiny bloom;
Somebody will note the hue,
Bright amid the gloom.
Somebody will see, and say—
'Oh, the matchless power!'
Drawn to Me this little way,
By a tinted flower."

H. M. CROSS.

THE LESSON OF SPAIN

THERE is no doubt about it. We are not very popular at the moment with certain of our Anglican and Liberal brethren. First it was Italy, now it is Spain. Then we were blamed for identifying ourselves too much with one Government; we are now censured for dissociating ourselves from another. The Italian question does not concern us here, though it might be well to remark that it is an absurd over-statement to write, as does *The Church Times* (October 9th) that the "most influential spokesmen in England" of the Catholic Church "eulogized the Abyssinian campaign as an effort to extend Christian civilization." The tragedy of Spain is more vital and more immediate. Mr. Douglas Jerrold in an admirable letter to *The Times* (August 24th) pointed out the inconsistency of the Liberal attitude towards the Government in Spain. Scarcely two years ago distinguished exponents of that attitude, who are now emphasizing the phrase "constitutional Government, elected by the people," were energetically supporting with their pens the armed Socialist rebellion against a similar constitutional Government, enjoying a greater popular support and presumably a greater constitutional prestige, and were condemning, in the strongest terms, the action of that Government in meeting force with force. You cannot have it both ways or, better, you cannot always have it in the way towards which your particular prejudice inclines. "The suspicion," continues the same letter, "that a constitutional Government, duly elected and resting on a parliamentary majority and governing through the forms of law, might at some time seek to modify the regime was regarded in English Liberal circles as a justification of rebellion." But now when another Government has manifested its intention, not only of modifying, but of reversing the country's tradition through forcible secularization and through the denial of religious liberty and parental rights in education; when that same Government, long before the rebellion was begun, had shown itself powerless, and maybe unwilling to prevent disorder, violence and murder; when it is now quite incapable of governing at all and has allowed its power to be seized and exercised by various extremists, some of whom owe a greater allegiance to a foreign country

than to anything that can be imagined under the name of Spain—we are asked, almost plaintively, to favour a Constitution of which its most ardent supporters are no longer tolerant, and to support a Government no more deserving of the name.

The truth is that our political traditions and the relative immunity we have enjoyed from the crises and revolutions of post-War Europe have made many of us bad judges and worse prophets, wherever Europe is concerned. The military prophets were completely wrong over the Abyssinian campaign. There is some excuse. The situation was novel and the English mind is not inclined to overrate its military advisers. Prophets of all kinds have been once more wrong about Spain. Franco "has failed so far," a letter in *The Times* (August 12th) assures us, "and will probably fail, even if Germany and Italy supply the sinews of war. . . General Franco and his Moors will have a long march from Algeciras to Madrid." Franco is now very near Madrid, and whatever Moors he may command are lost in a great assembly of every sort and class, Monarchist and Republican, Legitimist and Carlist, Catholic and sceptic, all fired with the enthusiastic vision of a national and reviving Spain. Wrong again was the supposition that the Government, which we were told was Liberal and did not contain the name of a single Communist, would assert itself. An American with considerable experience of Spain, and proclaiming his political faith to be that of an advanced Liberal, wrote that even before the Revolution nobody took any notice of it. Every day there was a threat of a general strike. Every day some murder of a political nature took place.

In particular, in Barcelona, did the Communists rule supreme. They boasted openly that they ruled the country. They boasted of their Russian support. Russia has been paying Spanish trade union leaders for many a long day. As I am well known to be of Liberal sympathies and my services were always advisory and not administrative, the "workers" of Spain spoke before me very freely, and a year ago the standard joke at Bilbao was that it was only the Russian agents who were at work.¹

It is, perhaps, strange that the Liberal stomach has no digestive trouble with Russian agents, but turns at the very

¹ *The Times*, August 10, 1936.

mention of Moors. The whole civil war is tragic enough and that tragedy is deepened by the presence of Moorish troops as by that of Russian emissaries. But the former are at least soldiers in Spanish service whom "constitutional Governments" have enlisted, while the latter have not the slightest justification for their presence there. I do not remember that we ourselves were gravely perturbed during the World War by the employment of soldiers, brown and black, against the white Germans, and the later garrisoning of the Rhineland by French coloured battalions. However, what small effective power the Government may have originally possessed has practically vanished, and the once "constitutional" administration that did not contain a single revolutionary has now become a Committee of National Defence with Señor Largo Caballero as supreme chief, and Señor Alvarez del Vayo as General Commissioner for War, aided by four assistants representing the Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists and Social Unions. A motley company indeed to lay claim to Liberal support.

That the majority of Englishmen are in sympathy with the present masters of Madrid and Barcelona is open to grave doubt. The latter's record of deliberate brutality and terror is too appalling to have left even English eyes unopened. But there is still the belief that only under some kind of parliamentary regime is personal liberty to be safeguarded and social reform to be secured. They feel quite honestly that a system which has provided ordered government with a fair measure of liberty in England, should be capable of similar results elsewhere. The fact is that, whatever may be said of the merits and demerits of such a system, and whatever chances may exist of a return to it in ten or twenty years, or in some succeeding generation, it has proved incapable in Europe since the War of maintaining order and of checking the disruptive forces of revolution, that are now highly organized with a new technique and fostered and directed through active help and propaganda from one central source. It is out of that incapacity and as a reaction against those forces of international revolution that most of the authoritarian Governments, grouped together by those who abominate them under the somewhat vague title of Fascism, have taken their rise. Coupled with this genuine feeling for liberty and the system which is regarded as its best safeguard, may well be a less disinterested surmise that a self-conscious national Spain

is likely to have Italian sympathies in the Mediterranean and German sympathies elsewhere. Señor de Asua, one of the delegates to the Labour Conference at Edinburgh, was careful to lay stress upon this possibility. "Should another European war take place" [this in the event of a Franco victory] "the Balearic Islands would be in the hand of Italy, the Canaries in the hand of Germany, and Gibraltar would be surrounded by Fascist Powers."¹ And finally, are we wrong in our suspicion that one strong element in this campaign of support for the Madrid administration in certain Liberal and Anglican quarters is a definite anti-Catholic prejudice and the barely concealed fear that with the victory of the "insurgents" a religious may accompany a national revival.

This last factor needs further consideration. Catholics have been not a little pained by the small measure of sympathy they have received from official representatives and organs of the English Church in what they hold to be an hour of bitter and even bestial persecution. *The Church Times* (October 9th) assures us that it "has said over and over again that we admit that horrible things have happened." But it carefully modifies that impersonal statement with the somewhat fatuous remark that "they always do in civil war," as though the anti-Christian fury of post-War revolution contained no special element of ruthlessness and hatred, and as if they had learnt nothing from the early Soviet years and their pale reflection in the Hungarian "terror" of Bela Kun. It is further neutralized by the suggestion that the stories have "almost certainly" been exaggerated, and that equally horrible outrages have been committed by the rebel forces. The result, to use the phrases of the sporting Press, is presumably a draw, with the Government ahead on goal average. In other quarters, we read that there are good men on either side (a fairly safe pronouncement in any struggle), that there are even Catholics, and good Catholics, fighting against one another. The reference is to the Basques, who have put first and foremost their claim to autonomy, and whose difficulties with their ill-chosen comrades in arms have been evident enough in San Sebastian and Irun. It is sometimes suggested that the Madrid regime is not at all opposed to Catholicism. A Spanish lady delegate to the Edinburgh Labour Party Conference asserted that "when the Government had won, there would be absolute liberty for the Catholic Church." And President Azaña,

¹ *The Times*, October 8, 1936.

interviewed recently, insisted that the main question was economic and not religious, and that it was his intention "should the Government win, to *maintain* religious liberty and the exercise of worship." Such assertions have, no doubt, their value for propaganda purposes; in view of what has happened, they are hardly likely to reassure Catholics. The best commentary upon their worth and their sincerity is Señor Azaña's own record and the long list of anti-religious outrages, perpetrated when he was in "power" upon defenceless nuns, even to the disgraceful disinterment of their bodies. A very sober account of a *Times* correspondent notes

the curious contradiction between the religious persecution here on all sides [he is writing of Madrid] and the frequent broadcasts by avowed Catholics who are encouraged to proclaim, through the Communist microphone, that there is no contradiction between the teachings of Christ and the party's programme. The stalwarts of the C.N.T. (Anarcho-Syndicalist Union) and the F.A.I. (Anarchist organization) would give better proof of their tolerance by opening a church door here and there for Mass than by using the churches as motor-car parks. The Anarcho-Syndicalists are proving themselves to be the realists of the civil war, which they baldly call revolution. They boast that some padres are proud of their C.N.T. membership cards. They may even yet form a priestly syndicate and endow it. There must be many citizens who have begun to hunger bodily in a city where sugar is issued in half-pound packets every other day, but there are many more citizens who have hungered spiritually for nine long weeks. Antichrist has been given a long-awaited opportunity.¹

The civil war is political, though it is not a struggle between Fascism and Communism, except in so far as any anti-Marxist movement may be cheerfully dubbed Fascist. But it is also a conflict of opposing ideas, "ideologies" if you like the term, that in the last resort cannot be reconciled: the traditional Christian principles and doctrine, and the denial not only of Christianity but of religion in any form, the "this-worldly" and "anti-God" materialism of the logical Marxist. Not that every red or pink militiaman is an atheist. There are many reasons, apart from compulsion, for his being where he

¹ *The Times*, October 6, 1936.

is: and among those reasons may be the genuine desire to resist what he regards as tyranny and oppression, the revolt against poverty and injustice—a sentiment in some cases not without foundation. It may be that the attack upon religion springs as much from the native Anarchism of Spain as from the imported Communism of Slav and Jew. But whatever be its source, skilful Communist leadership is making use of economic discontent and political dissatisfaction to overthrow not only Liberal government, for which it has greater contempt than any Fascist, but also the Christian religion and its tradition. It is a conflict of opposites, the alternative of black or white; it is completely missing the point to be searching for a delicate shade of grey. When the issue is so well defined, lesser problems, important though they be and however loudly they call for solution and a solution all too long delayed, must be postponed. To put it crudely, we do not send for a plumber to repair the bathroom when the house is already on fire. That members of the Church Established, even in its higher ranks, have not recognized the gravity of the religious issue and have been slow to show their sympathy with Spanish Catholics in a period of severest trial, is, to refrain from any other judgment, a striking example of the unreal English outlook upon what is happening abroad.

The situation in Spain, therefore, provides no foundation for the frequent assertion of *The Church Times* that the Catholic Church is now "definitely allied with the forces of reaction."¹ A leader-writer of *The Daily Herald* must have strolled into the wrong office. Indeed, it ill becomes an organ of a State Church to fling at others accusations of subservience to this or that form of Government. That there are "reactionaries" in the real sense of the word, men opposed to social reform and progress, in the Franco ranks, is no doubt true. But that they are the controlling interest, that their policy will prevail, is a premature and perhaps gratuitous statement. You may dislike Italian Fascism and detest German Nazi-ism, as many, if not most, Englishmen do. But dislike and detest them for what they are and not for what they most certainly are not. They are not a return to a pre-reform system for the benefit of the employer and the rich: they were national movements with a broad basis of support among peasants, workers and members of the middle classes; their leaders are men of the people; their social programme

¹ See, for instance, October 9, 1936.

is nearer to the left than to the right. But leave aside for a moment the one sense in which they might well be called Governments of reaction. Can one rightly speak of an alliance between them and the Church? A feature common to both of them is the claim to subordinate everything to the State or, to use the more specific German language, to the welfare of the "Volksgemeinschaft." "Fascism conceives of the State as absolute, in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative, only to be conceived of in their relation to the State" is a well-known assertion; "whoever says Fascism, implies the State." The difficulties between Church and State in the early years of Fascism are too familiar to need elaboration. Even after the Lateran Treaty and the Concordat, the Holy Father in an outspoken letter of 1931, "Non Abbiamo Bisogno," (C.T.S., pp. 35—36), though disclaiming any intention of condemning the Fascist party as such, protested against "all those things in the programme and in the activities of the party which have been found to be contrary to Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice, and therefore irreconcilable with the Catholic name and profession." He added, as friendly counsel and warning, "We believe that we have thus at the same time accomplished a good work for the party itself. What interest and success can the party gain, in a Catholic country like Italy, through retaining in its programme ideas, maxims, and practices which cannot be reconciled with a Catholic conscience?" That a certain *modus vivendi* between State and Church has been realized in Italy does not mean that the latter has altered her principles that they may better fit into the political framework of the former, or that she is in any sense allied with that form of Government against any other that is not opposed to divine and natural law. A glance at the German situation will soon show that it is exceedingly difficult to safeguard the rights and liberties of the Church within a Totalitarian State. To speak of "alliance" where the Church is denied the full measure of freedom which she considers necessary for the fulfilment of her proper religious task, is little short of nonsense.

I have said that there is one respect in which the various States styled "Fascist," by their opponents if not by themselves, and indeed all the "national" States of Europe may be called "reactionary." They are a reaction against that Drift towards the Left which is now quite openly directed by the extreme forces of revolution. The fate of the latest Govern-

ment in Spain was no accidental one. The Popular Front was not a Liberal suggestion but a policy emanating from Russia. A weak administration, vaguely desirous of social reform and essentially anti-clerical and anti-religious, will eventually fall a prey to its extreme elements, small though they may appear at the beginning, who have definite ideas of what they want and definite instructions as to how they are to get it. That was the intention; and that has been the result. Many profound observers are of the opinion that the Blum regime in France was intended to fulfil a similar role there and to herald anarchy and revolution. But with all its "mysticism du gauche," that country is growing more conscious of its danger partly by its experience of the Spanish tragedy and in part through an acute sense of its own isolation from the other Western Powers. Italy, Germany, and now Spain and, among the smaller countries, Hungary and Austria (there are indications that Belgium and Holland may follow their example) have all reacted against that movement, that new science of revolution, developed and organized by the Soviet States, a science of class-hatred and class-war that is to culminate in the destruction of authority and all order. In that reaction they have been forced to emphasize what their people have in common; they have tried to realize a "Volks-gemeinschaft," a Corporative State, have restricted liberty and proclaimed the death of individualism; they have made a fetish of race and people and set up new idols of the nation and its leader. Much is exaggerated; some of it is a danger to peace and to other peoples, even if their doctrines are not for universal export as are the tenets of Communism. And as reactions against a creed of violence, they retain something of the violence of method of that creed.

The majority of Englishmen have little or no sympathy, even academic, with Communism, and are not greatly attracted by a "Fascist" or authoritarian administration. They know that their own political system might at some future date be gravely jeopardized by the one, and the general peace be endangered by both. They would do well to realize more clearly than they do now that the second is, to a large extent, a product of the first, and that if the problem, created by the first in Western Europe, be understood and faced, the difficulties caused by the second might begin to disappear. That problem is, on the plane of ideas, the definite philosophy of revolution, materialistic and anti-God, opposed to the political conceptions as also

to the whole Christian tradition of the West, though these are not necessarily to be identified and for some centuries have not so been. On the plane of facts it is the existence of a definite revolutionary organization, inspired by that philosophy and controlled and directed throughout other countries by the Soviet Government. Its specious distinction between itself and its international emissaries is no compliment to the intelligence of the West. This problem is not solved by panicky and merely abusive denunciation. It will not be completely solved by force. It will admit of political solution only through the honest and disinterested co-operation of the Western nations and, within the various countries themselves, by an equally honest effort to remedy the various social evils and injustices that are undoubtedly present and that provide the often ardent and idealistic revolutionary with just the fittest field for his agitation. The religious solution—even more difficult of realization—can be found only in a return to the true principles of Christianity, in the awakening within and without the Christian fold of a religious faith and conscience, of an acute and crusading sense of unselfishness and justice and charity.

JOHN MURRAY.

In Manus Tuas

THE scroll of time rests in Thy hand;
It needeth but a narrow fold
Across the parchment—and we stand
Beside the Three who came of old
Unto a stall at Bethlehem,
And, kneeling, worship there with them.

The bounds of space are in Thy grasp
Who ordered all things near and far;
Crushed like a rose-leaf in Thy clasp
The void that severs star from star
May fall as dust, till in Thy sight
One constellation clothes the night.

The heart of man lies in Thy reach;
Lord, draw it near, that we may see
Some image of Thy love in each,
Lit by the light that shines from Thee,
While life and death stand not apart,
But dwell as one, within Thy Heart.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

MARGERY THE ASTONISHING

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MYSTIC¹

FROM whatever point of view we regard it there can be no question that "The Book of Margery Kempe" is a document of extraordinary interest. We have, therefore, every reason to be grateful to Col. Butler-Bowdon of Clown (who is both the owner of the manuscript newly brought to light, and at the same time the editor of this modernized version) for the pains he has taken in rendering it accessible to the general reader. Even if no more were known of it than this that it is the earliest autobiography written in the English language, it would have an assured place in literature. But the story of Margery, in spite of the prejudice which her terrible hysteria and her *exaltée* piety must create, is an intensely human document, and it is told in many passages with a freshness and vigour of language which put it on a footing with any prose work of the same period, not even excepting the "Parson's Tale." Curiously enough, Margery herself had not learnt either to read or write, and it remains a problem whether something of the literary quality of her book may not be due to her scholarly priest friend or to the amanuensis from "Dewcheland" who first took it down as she dictated.² But I am inclined, on the whole, to think that the language is substantially hers and not any other's.³ The devout communings with heaven which, to prevent the story being overweighted by such pious digressions, the editor has extracted from the places in which they occur in the manuscript and printed as an appendix in smaller type, are not likely to have been tampered with by her scribes. They would have regarded them with too much reverence, and the sense of rhythm and balance is as conspicuous here as in the large-type chronicle of her doings.

¹ "The Book of Margery Kempe." A Modern Version by W. Butler-Bowdon. With an Introduction by Professor R. W. Chambers. London: Jonathan Cape. Pp. xiv, 386. Price, 10s. 6d. 1936.

² It seems probable from what we are told on p. 346 and pp. 301—304 that this was her own son. But she does not tell us so, just as she nowhere tells us explicitly that she could neither read nor write.

³ We shall be better able to judge when we have before us the medieval text in its original spelling and phrasing. It is being edited for the Early English Text Society by Professor Meech and Miss Hope Allen. It was the latter who first identified the book as the work of Margery Kempe.

Let me take one passage at least from this part of the work as a specimen. These are some of the words which Our Lord, as she believed, spoke to her soul :

Daughter, when thou art in Heaven, thou shalt be able to ask what thou wilt, and I shall grant thee all thy desire. I have told thee beforetime that thou art a singular lover, and therefore thou shalt have a singular love in Heaven, a singular reward and a singular worship. And, forasmuch as thou art a maiden in thy soul, I shall take thee by the one hand in Heaven, and My Mother by the other hand, and so shalt thou dance in Heaven with other holy maidens and virgins, for I may call thee dearly bought, and Mine own dearworthy darling. I shall say to thee, Mine own blessed spouse—"Welcome to Me with all manner of joy and gladness, here to dwell with Me and never to depart from Me without end, but ever to dwell with Me in joy and bliss, which no eye may see, nor ear hear, nor tongue tell, nor heart think, that I have ordained for thee and all My servants who desire to love and please Me as thou dost."

Perhaps it was wise, with a view to the wider circulation of the book, to leave these rhapsodies in the background, but not a few even of those who are repelled by such emotional transports will agree that as a picture of religious and social England in the days of Henry V, Margery's narrative has a unique value of its own. She travelled all over the country where in each strange place her eccentric behaviour and unusual attire brought her under most unjust suspicion of some hidden sympathy with the teaching of the Lollards. She was over and over again threatened with burning. She made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, sojourned for some weeks in Rome, gained the Portiuncula indulgence at Assisi, visited Compostella, and, as an old woman, took ship again for the Continent when she was driven by bad weather into a Norwegian harbour, but pursuing her journey, reached Danzig, and stayed there for some weeks. When we remember that she knew nothing of any language but her native English, was unable to read, and in her later years was practically destitute of resources, an idea may be formed of her remarkable courage, or more correctly of her extraordinary trust in what she believed to be God's communings with her soul. She was persuaded that everything she undertook had been

directly inspired by her interior voices, and that she had the promise of her Heavenly Spouse that no harm should befall her. It would certainly be rash to maintain that this confidence of hers was never rewarded by some special intervention of Providence. As we gather from her own candid story, her special petitions were nearly always granted, and she was often preserved from danger in a very remarkable way.

Margery Kempe was the daughter of one John of Burnham, a leading burgess and at one time Mayor of Lynn, now King's Lynn, in Norfolk. It was then a seaport and an important town. When, in 1415, the year of Agincourt, King Henry V found himself in need of money, and a loan was raised, the citizens of Norwich contributed 500 marks, but Lynn came not far behind with 400 marks.¹ Moreover, we hear in Margery's own narrative of a dispute which arose concerning the erection of a font in two other churches in Lynn besides the parish church. Now in the *Regesta* of Pope Martin V there stands the record of a petition which was addressed from Lynn to the Holy See in the year 1426. In this it was stated that while 1,600 persons made their Easter communion in the parish church of St. Margaret, there were 1,400 who communicated at St. Nicholas's and 900 more at St. James's. Lynn was evidently a populous place, and indeed at that period, owing to the wool trade with the Netherlands, all East Anglia was thriving. Margery, when she married her husband in 1393, being herself then twenty years of age, seems to have been a wealthy woman. Moreover, we gather that she herself had control of the money she had inherited. She did not spend it very wisely. She started a brewery business on a large scale which, after three or four years, came to grief; then she acquired a horse-mill to grind corn, but this also proved a failure. She must certainly have been the poorer for these unfortunate ventures, but in the early years of the fifteenth century such means as the family possessed were apparently at her disposal,² for in a curious passage³ she bargained with her husband that if he would agree to their both binding themselves to a life of chastity, and if he would allow her to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, she would pay his debts for him. Moreover, when she actu-

¹ "Calendar of Patent Rolls," Henry V, Vol. II, p. 359.

² Whatever may be said of the subservient position of women in early times, they seem to have enjoyed greater freedom than under the first of the Married Women's Property Acts in the reign of Victoria.

³ "Margery Kempe," p. 49; this may be cited in future by the letters M.K.

ally set out for the Holy Land "she prayed the parish priest [of Lynn] to say for her in the pulpit that if any man or woman claimed any debt from her husband or herself, they should come and speak with her ere she went, and she with the help of God would make a settlement with each of them so that they should hold themselves content. And so she did."¹ In spite of this expenditure she must have started with what in those days was a considerable sum of money in her possession. For at Constance, after sundry misadventures and what she judged to be very ill-treatment on the part of the company with whom she was travelling, a good English friar there, who was also a Papal Legate, took charge of her gold for her to the amount of £20, and yet she complains that there was a further sum of £16 which her party had in their keeping and which they unjustifiably detained.

It is, perhaps, in her account of this pilgrimage that we best come to understand the difficulties which her absorption in the things of God created for her wherever she went. Her fellow-travellers complained to the Legate just referred to, protesting that "she should not talk so much of holiness." Moreover, it aggravated them, so they declared, that she was always weeping, and would not eat flesh as they did. This is her own account of the matter, but her companions probably expressed themselves to the Legate in much more forcible terms. For this copious weeping must have been an almost intolerable nuisance. Undoubtedly Margery had excellent precedents for setting great store upon her gift of tears. The Missal used in every Catholic church contains to this day a set of collects *pro petitione lacrymarum*, and in the first of these, supplication is made to the Almighty that, as He drew from the rock a fountain of living water for His thirsty people, so He would squeeze tears of compunction from the hardness of our human hearts. Amongst the many spiritual guides whom our pilgrim had consulted about this matter of her weeping was the anchoress Julian² of Norwich. It is particularly interesting to have this mention of a personal interview with so famous a mystic of whom little is known. Julian, it seems, told her that "when God visiteth a creature with tears of compunction, devotion and compassion, he may and ought to believe that the Holy Ghost is in his soul." And referring

¹ M.K., p. 96.

² In the book before us she is called "Dame Jelyan," and there is other medieval evidence that she was known to contemporary Englishmen as Julian, not Juliana.

to the "unspeakable groanings" with which the Holy Spirit asketh for us (Rom. viii, 26), Julian went on, "that is to say, He maketh us to ask and pray with mourning and weeping so plenteously that the tears may not be numbered. No evil spirit may give these tokens, for St. Jerome saith that tears torment more the devil than do the pains of hell."

We may venture to doubt, however, whether the holy recluse quite understood the form which these gifts of weeping took in the case of such a person as Margery. Even in the quite early days of her turning to God she gives this account of what was apt to occur :

On a time as this creature [it is thus that she always refers to herself] was at Canterbury in the church among the monks, she was greatly despised and reproved because she wept so fast, both by the monks and priests and secular men, nearly all day both forenoon and afternoon also, so much indeed that her husband went away from her as if he had not known her, and left her alone among them, choose how she might. Further comfort had she none of him that day.¹

Still, her husband, as she tells us, "was ever a good man and an easy man to her, though he sometimes, for vain dread, left her alone for a time. Yet he resorted evermore again to her and had compassion on her, and spoke for her as he durst for dread of the people; but all others that went with her forsook her."² Her husband did not accompany her on her pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and it was there in the church of the Holy Sepulchre that her fits of weeping took on a new phase. As she herself tells us, "she fell down because she could not stand or kneel, and rolled and wrested with her body, spreading her arms abroad, and cried with a loud voice as though her heart burst asunder." Further, she says :

And she had such great compassion and such great pain at seeing Our Lord's pain that she could not keep herself from crying and roaring though she should have died for it. And this was the first cry [she evidently means a scream] that ever she cried in any contemplation. And this manner of crying endured many years after this time for aught any man might do, and therefore suffered she much despite and much reproof. The crying

¹ M.K., p. 54.

² M.K., p. 59.

was so loud and so wonderful that it made the people astounded unless they had heard it before, or unless they knew the cause of the cryings. And she had them so often that they made her right weak in her bodily might, and especially if she heard of Our Lord's Passion.¹

It is clear enough that when these fits came on, as they often did, when Margery was listening to a sermon in church, the disturbance and sensation which ensued must have been intolerable. One particular friar, a man of great eloquence, whom Margery was always eager to hear, after two or three experiences of this kind, positively refused to allow her in the church. This caused a great outcry on her part and, holy though she may have been, she seems to have resented her exclusion very bitterly. Her own comment when the incident was finally settled, is not a little curious :

Then was she charged by her confessor that she should not go where he [the friar] preached, but when he preached in one church, she should go to another. She had so much sorrow that she knew not what she might do, for she was put from the sermon which was to her the highest comfort on earth when she might hear it, and right so the contrary was to her the greatest pain on earth when she might not hear it. When she was alone by herself in one church, and he preaching to the people in another, she had as loud and marvellous cries as when she was among the people.²

We are told further that "this manner of crying lasted ten years" and that "every Good Friday in all the aforesaid years she was weeping and sobbing five or six hours together," also that at such times "she waxed all livid like lead and sweated full sore." Her body was often contorted so that "some said she had the falling evil," while "other folk spat at her for horror of the sickness, and some scorned her and said that she howled as if she were a dog, and banned her and cursed her." During all this time she received Holy Communion every Sunday—a frequency which was very unusual in the fifteenth century even for monks and nuns—but, at the moment of communicating, her emotional seizures were often at their worst. Consequently, "priests dare not housel her openly in church, but privily in the Prior's Chapel at Lynn,

¹ M.K., p. 107.

² M.K., p. 227.

away from the people's hearing." There "she had so much dalliance with Our Lord, inasmuch as she was put out of church for His love, that she cried at the time she was houselled as if her soul and her body would be parted asunder, so that two men held her in their arms till her crying had ceased." Still, she was persuaded that all this was for the glory of God and intended by Him to make manifest to other men His marvellous workings in her soul. In her heart on these occasions she heard Him say :

Daughter I will not have My grace hidden that I give thee, for the busier people are to hinder and prevent it, the more will I spread it and make it known to all the world.¹

One has heard of people so temperamentally constituted that they never can be happy except when they are miserable. This seems in some sense to have been the case with Margery herself, and she does not hesitate to record the paradox in these terms :

She might neither weep loud nor still but when God would send it, for she was sometimes thus barren of tears a day or half a day, and she had such great pain for the desire she had of them that she would have given all this world, if it had been hers, for a few tears, or have suffered right great bodily pain, to have got them with. And then, when she was thus barren, she could find no joy or comfort in meat or drink or conversation, but ever was gloomy in face and behaviour till God would send them to her again, and then she was merry enough.

And so it was that Our Lord withdrew from her sometimes the abundance of tears ; yet He withdrew not from her holy thoughts and desires for years together, for ever her mind and her desire was to Our Lord. But she thought there was no savour or sweetness but when she might weep, for then she thought that she could pray.²

That Margery was a victim of hysteria can hardly be open to doubt, for apart from her weeping fits, she was constantly subject to mysterious illnesses from which she suddenly recovered. Quite at the beginning of her married life, so far

¹ M.K., p. 108. When, at another period, she was houselled in the parish church (St. Margaret's) "she cried so loud that it could be heard all about the church and outside the church," p. 209.

² M.K., p. 288.

as we can judge—her recollections are, unfortunately, recorded with little regard to chronology—she tells us that what between the severe language of her then confessor and her own dread of damnation, “this creature went out of her mind and was wondrously vexed and laboured with spirits for half a year, eight weeks and odd days.” Tormented by demons whom she thought she saw “opening their mouths all inflamed with burning waves of fire . . . she bit her own hand so violently that the mark was seen all her life after.” She tried to tear her body with her nails, and the “keepers” who watched her had to remove all dangerous implements out of her reach; but at last “Our Merciful Lord Jesus Christ appeared to His creature who had forsaken Him, in the likeness of a man, most seemly, most beauteous and most amiable that ever might be seen with man’s eye, clad in a mantle of purple silk, sitting upon her bedside and looking upon her with so blessed a face that she was strengthened in all her spirit.” He said to her :

“Daughter, why hast thou forsaken Me, and I forsook never thee?”

And anon, as He said these words, she saw verily how the air opened as bright as any lightning. And He rose up into the air, not right hastily and quickly, but fair and easily, so that she might well behold Him in the air till it was closed again.¹

With that vision her senses were restored, and she was as well in body and mind as ever she had been. Again, on her way to the Holy Land, after parting company with her fellow-pilgrims from England, “she took to her chamber and ate alone for six weeks, unto the time that Our Lord made her so sick that she weened to have been dead, and then suddenly He made her whole again.” Other illnesses are spoken of after her return to England, in one of which “she was anointed expecting to be dead” but she recovered, “and anon afterwards she had a great sickness in her head, and later in her back, so that she feared to have lost her wits there-through.” This was followed, after an interval, by an infirmity

which was set in her right side, lasting the time of eight years, less eight weeks, at divers times. Sometimes she had it once a week continuing for thirty hours, sometimes

¹ M.K., p. 25.

twenty . . . sometimes two, so hard and sharp that she must void what was in her stomach, as bitter as if it were gall, neither eating nor drinking while the sickness endured but ever groaning till it was gone.

During the time that her book was being written with the help of her amanuensis, she often fell ill, "but as soon as she would go about the writing of this treatise she was hale and whole suddenly in a manner." What is certainly not less surprising, she tells us that when she was in church "Our Lord Jesus Christ with His Glorious Mother and many saints also came into her soul and thanked her, saying that they were well pleased with the writing of this book; and also she heard many times the voice of a sweet bird singing in her ear." All this leaves an impression of that preoccupation with self, however much it may wear the semblance of gratitude for God's gracious dealings with His unworthy creature, which is so pronounced a characteristic of the hysterical temperament. Margery had a great veneration for St. Bridget of Sweden, and when in Rome she had speech with a woman who had been St. Bridget's own handmaiden; but in reference to a certain eucharistic vision vouchsafed to our English pilgrim, Jesus Christ bade her thank God for what she had witnessed, adding: "My daughter, Bride, saw Me never in this wise." The idea is conveyed that she was privileged beyond St. Bridget. I should also be inclined to attribute to the same self-centred attitude of mind a great part of Margery's morbid apprehensions with regard to chastity.¹ When she was returning from Aachen at sixty years of age and "too weak to hold foot" with other wayfarers, she recounts of that journey:

And at nights had she most dread. Oftentimes, and peradventure it was of her ghostly enemy, for she was ever afraid of being ravished or defiled. She durst trust no man; whether she had cause or not, she was ever afraid. She durst full evil sleep any night, for she thought men would have defiled her. Therefore she went to bed gladly on no night unless she had a woman or two with her. For that grace God sent her. Wheresoever

¹ As a young woman Margery, like St. Joan of Arc, no doubt had good reason for her fears. When committed to prison by the Mayor of Leicester, she begged him: "I pray you, Sir, put me not among men, that I may keep my chastity and my bond of wedlock to my husband as I am bound to do," p. 165 and cf. p. 199.

she came, for the most part, maidens would with good cheer lie by her and that was to her great comfort.

It would be rash, however, to decide upon the strength of such evidence as has been quoted above that Margery was no more than a neurotic and self-deluded visionary who had nothing about her of the spirit of God. The problem which confronts us in case after case of these queer mystics is the combination of pronounced hysteria with a genuine love of God, great generosity and self-sacrifice, unflinching courage, and very often the occurrence of strange psychic phenomena, particularly in the form of a knowledge of distant and future events. Repeatedly it seems to happen that the blind and apparently unwarranted trust in the divine assistance which is displayed by such people is justified by the event even when their action runs counter to the dictates of human prudence, if not of moral rectitude. A curious incident of the kind is recorded in Margery's narrative. "The anchorite of the Preaching Friars in Lynn who was the principal ghostly father of this creature" prophesied to her that in the course of her pilgrimage her fellow-travellers would forsake her, but that "a broken-backed man" would come to her help and guide her safely whither she wished to go. So, in fact, it turned out. Returning from Jerusalem to Venice, it was her fixed purpose to visit Rome, but her countrymen, who had come with her to Venice in the same ship, were apparently, in modern slang phrase, "fed up" with her pious excesses and refused to have anything more to do with her. Some of them, in fact, told her brutally "that they would not go with her for a hundred pound." At this juncture "she saw a poor man sitting who had a great hump on his back. His clothes were all clouted and he seemed a man of fifty winters age." He proved to be an Irishman named Richard, and he guided her and looked after her until she reached Rome. There, acting upon an impulse of devotion, for she heard Our Lord tell her to "make herself bare for His love," she gave away all her remaining money to the poor, and not only her own, but also a sum of money which she had borrowed from poor Richard. What followed is best narrated in her own words :

When the broken-backed man found that she had given away his money he was greatly moved and evil pleased because she had done so, and spake right sharply to her. Then she said to him :

"Richard, by the grace of God, we shall come home to

England right well, and ye shall come to me in Bristol in the Whitsun week, and there shall I pay you right well and truly by the grace of God. For I trust right well that He who bade me give it away for His love, will help me to pay it again."

And so He did.¹

Everything seems to suggest that Margery was a truthful person and that she had a good memory for facts. She tells us later how, on her way to Compostella, she met Richard again at Bristol, and though she had been absolutely penniless when she set out on this visit to Spain, various benefactors were so generous in giving her alms that she was able to pay for the conveyance needed and to discharge all her debts. Not the least striking feature in "*The Book of Margery Kempe*" is the pleasant impression it leaves of the real kindness and hospitality which she again and again met with from strangers who were unable to understand a single word she spoke. She, on her part, was no doubt very willing to sacrifice herself. She had found in Rome a priest, a "Dewchman" (German or Netherlander) who, in some seemingly miraculous manner, after they had both prayed for thirteen days, was able to understand her language and she his. He heard her confession, and by virtue of obedience and as part of her penance, bade her look after a poor old woman who had no bed to lie on and was covered with vermin. This she did faithfully for six weeks, begging bread for them both in the streets, for she had then given away all her money, performing all menial tasks and serving this poor outcast as devotedly as she would have served Our Blessed Lady. There are many such examples both of charity done and of charity received which occur in the course of Margery's book, but space fails me to give further details. For Catholics interested in the religious aspects of English life in the fifteenth century it is a story of unique and most curious interest. In imitation of the name given to another very unusual and most intriguing mystic, who was known to her contemporaries more than two hundred years earlier as "*Christina Mirabilis*," I have ventured to prefix to this account the title "*Margery the Astonishing*." I trust that it will not seem altogether inappropriate.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ M.K., p. 135.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

HOP-PICKING AND SOUL-SAVING.

EVERYONE has heard of and most have seen the hop-fields of Kent whither go annually numerous families from the East End of London to pick the harvest, but less familiar are the hop-yards of Worcestershire. Yards, please, not fields. One might as well speak of the "quad" of a Cambridge college or the "court" of an Oxford one as to speak of a hop-yard in Kent or a hop-field in Worcestershire. Yet whether "yards" or "fields" these areas are the scenes of a work of spiritual endeavour which is an integral part of the Church's apostolate. This year I had the privilege of sharing in the Worcestershire mission. The manner of living during those unforgettable days brought back to my mind a visit made a long time ago to a coffee plantation in South India; a contrast in innumerable ways, the chief of which paradoxically was this. In that distant plantation of India the workers were Catholics to a man. But among the multitudes of the Worcestershire hoppers, Catholics had to be searched for.

For the Faith has almost died out in that lovely valley of the Teme as it winds its way through east Worcestershire to join the Severn. Worcester and Kidderminster, the nearest towns, are easily accessible if you have a car, but not to the walker or the owner of the humble push-bike. Ludlow in Shropshire may be a trifle nearer, but besides these centres there is no other place where Mass can be heard. For some twenty miles along the banks of the Teme there is a line of farms which grow hops, and thither hordes of hoppers are drawn in the season from the Black Country, from Dudley and Bilston, West Bromwich and Birmingham.

Amongst the sheep thus wandering in the wilderness a fair number of Catholics can be reckoned on, and the Church duly goes in search of them, bringing them spiritual and also bodily assistance—opportunities for Mass and the sacraments, for catechetical instruction, and medical and surgical aid when needed. This latter work of charity is the business of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul, who form, as it were, the spearhead of the movement. It is prudence not cowardice that thus puts women in the van of an advancing regiment, since the "enemy" must be conciliated not fought, and no farmer will readily reject the competent services of those well-trained Sisters. Accordingly, first-aid stations are established on three of the farms. The Sisters from Coleshill

and Selly Park rent a house during the hop season at a convenient centre and make it a temporary convent. Thence they issue daily to their respective stations to attend to the minor casualties and ailments which are inevitable amongst large groups of families living in unusual conditions. The daily transport is undertaken by ladies who lend their cars and their services for the purpose. At each of the three stations there resides a lay-helper, usually from the Catholic Workers' College at Oxford, to look after cases when the Sisters have gone in the evening, and organize games, etc., for the children.

Mass-centres were established at two of the farms: others were near enough to Worcester for Catholics to be conveyed thither on Sundays. A disused stable or a storeroom was converted into a chapel with simple but dignified fittings which, humble as they were, excited interest and admiration. "Who could have thought they could have made this place so beautiful," remarked a gipsy-girl as she gazed at our little altar of St. Anthony we had erected in a corner of the chapel. Mass was said daily by a priest who shares with the lay-helper his lowly quarters on the farm. On the first occasion, 7 a.m. was announced as the time, but at 5.30 a.m. next morning a shrill voice was heard outside the priest's shanty—"We're ready!" The speaker was a little Protestant who, with a companion, had come early to secure a place! But, of course, one could not expect such eagerness, whether due to devotion or curiosity, to continue daily, though no week-day was ever without a few of the hoppers assisting. For the ten o'clock Mass on Sundays a bus was used to collect the pickers from neighbouring farms and the few local Catholics. There were not many Catholic children, and the child-attendance at Mass and at the bi-weekly catechism classes were mostly non-Catholics whose parents raised no objection. It was really impressive to see the reverent way in which these generally restless little ones would assist at Mass, and the eagerness they displayed after to learn the meaning of this ceremony or that. Spiritually their minds were almost altogether fallow.

A boy of fourteen caught sight of a rosary. He asked to be taught how to use it, and was told he might have one for himself whenever he could do so properly. He won the prize and then began to teach some of his friends, with the result that others too wanted to have rosaries. I discovered later that, though most of the children had evidently been taught the "Our Father," very few could say it without a mistake. Some left out a clause, others would say: "Forgive us this day our daily bread," whilst one group of girls assured me that they had been taught at school to say: "And forgive us *thy* trespasses." They very quickly learnt the "Hail Mary," but it took some time to teach them to unlearn their mistakes in the "Our Father." They were fond of

making the sign of the Cross, and I realized for the first time how valuable it is to teach children prayers which involve some action.

But no child can exist on pieties alone. On two nights a week there was a religious instruction class. On the others, we turned the chapel into a play-room for parlour-games. Sometimes we had a concert and I was amazed by the way in which one group of boys produced some impromptu acting. They would discuss for a few minutes among themselves what to produce, but the dialogue had to be made up as they went along. Their quick repartee and their clever way of introducing some topical allusion astounded me.

These indoor amusements were only held after dark, but, during an interval in the day's work of hop-picking it was happily possible to have out-door games. One of our good friends among the "chauffeurs" had presented us with a football, which could always occupy the youngsters when not wanted in the hop-yards. Then came a challenge to a match from the next farm and Saturday afternoon was devoted to a great contest between "Pudge United" and "Kirby Wanderers," so-called after the owners of the respective farms. One of the pickers happened to be an ex-League player and he undertook the duties of referee—not an easy task for there were no touch lines. Pudge United won both at home and away and were all agog with excitement to see the name of their team engraved on the cup which another of our kind lady friends had given to the winners!

Kindness thus shown to a neglected class of people was obviously a good work, but spiritually was it worth while? Some of the Catholics, it must be confessed, did not come to Sunday Mass even though every facility was thus provided for them. And few enough took the opportunity of receiving the Sacraments. All the same, in spite of these meagre apparent results I am convinced that the enterprise has many good and even lasting effects. It is something that a region deprived of the Mass for centuries should once more be hallowed by its celebration. It is something that non-Catholics should be brought once in a way into close contact with practical Catholicity. It is advertisement. "Catholics can supply the best goods but they are the worst advertisers" remarked to me recently one of the workers of the Catholic Social Guild. The Worcestershire Hop Mission, as also that in Kent, is doing not a little to remove that reproach. Finally, I venture to think that many, especially the children, return to their homes with some increased knowledge of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and with devotion to them enkindled or strengthened. When one watches the eagerness of children one is always inclined to ask "How much of this is supernatural?" But such a question is always unanswerable and therefore useless. We can but do the planting and watering. Only God can give the increase.

ALBAN BURROWS.

AN ASCENT OF ETNA.

IT was the feast of St. Philip in the little town of Calatabiano, near the foot of Etna, and a party of young men had just brought the body of the Saint into the town from its mountain sanctuary. Many people were talking of the speed and skill with which the holy relic had been manœuvred, for the young men, seizing the heavy wooden trestles on which the relic is mounted, run down the hillside into the town at top speed, and since the Saint is the patron of the district, a rapid transit is thought to ensure good crops for the ensuing year. This time the journey had taken only seven minutes, which was a record, and the people were naturally jubilant. The firework display that night, I learned, would be particularly good.

The stalls which lined the sides of the piazza were covered with an assortment of gewgaws and confectionery that was reminiscent of an Eastern bazaar. Little boys ate strange, sticky, curiously-twisted sweets that cost only a *soldi*. Then there was the peculiar transparent ice cream of the district, and little round cakes on long spits. Two stalls were displaying huge heaps of knives, stilettos, daggers and swords, and the salesman kept the boys off with long sticks.

The red-brown faces of the men and women behind the stalls were topped by hats of the strangest shapes, ranging from the red fez of the *Avanguardisti* to round straw caps and huge black sombreros, and their clothes were equally picturesque. Frequent quarrels arose, for the Sicilian loves an argument, and even when the brass band of the local militia played "*Giovinezza*," angry voices rose in dispute behind the scandalized conductor, who descended, to become the centre of a new commotion.

There were no hotels or inns in the little town, and I stayed in a peasant's cottage. When he learned that I was English he was very much afraid that he might be breaking the law, and begged me to accompany him to the town marshal's house, which official—a smart, astonishingly well-dressed young man—on seeing my passport, immediately reassured my host and welcomed me to the district. But I got little rest that night, for the firework display began at midnight—the noisiest I have ever heard—and continued until 3 a.m., by which time the whole of the country-side for many miles around must have been disturbed. When I finally went to bed, after three o'clock, tremendous explosions were still going on, shaking the whole town, for the fireworks were of a size I had never seen in Britain.

Next morning I set out for Nicolosi, where guides, mules and provisions can be secured for the ascent. It begins with the Red Mountain, Monti Rossi, which is over 3,000 feet high, and itself boasts craters like those of Etna.

The muleteer who accompanied me had eloquent stories of his relegation from the ranks of the middle class into those of the proletariat, and, as he clearly enjoyed talking about himself, I

encouraged him. By the time we reached the north-west base of the Red Mountain I knew the names of all the girls who had, he said, offered him their hands! The ascent was easily made in less than an hour.

Looking back to Nicolosi I saw the lava bed deposited by the last big upheaval, while above my head were dozens of little Red Mountains, dominated by Montagnola, which hid the big crater. As I had half expected, Etna from the foothills looked very different from the majestic peak that had seemed so remote and proud at Taormina. Passing between Monte Concilio and Monte Sona, we crossed two very large lava streams. Riding on steadily we came to the *Casa Cantoniera*, where the mules were fed and watered. We were now about four hours from Nicolosi, and about 6,000 feet up, as far as I could judge. Below us was a very thickly-populated belt of villages in the midst of luxuriant vegetation. Millions of tons of lava, out-poured over the area, have made the ground very fertile, and plantations of vines, apples and nuts were frequent, while the land surrounding Nicolosi abounded with orange and lemon groves.

It was interesting to note the changes in the scenery at the different altitudes. Chestnuts on the lower slopes were followed by beeches and oaks, then pines and birches. Wolves, foxes and weasels are said to lurk in these woods, and the local farmers should know. But animal life is becoming scarcer with the northward march of the cultivated belt, and I saw no traces of the deer and wild boar which are still rumoured to be in the upper reaches.

Etna is over 10,700 feet high, and is the highest volcano in Europe. In the distance the cone had appeared regular, but I saw that it actually rose from another beheaded cone, the trunk of which formed the greater part of the enormous mountain-mass, which is twenty-five miles round at the base.

On the outer cone were scores of groups of little craters, while the lava which had poured from these was twisted into a thousand peculiar shapes. On the east side of the mountain was a vast cleft, with perfectly sheer sides, thousands of feet in depth and three miles wide, the *Valle del Bove*, from which an immense stream of lava poured in a sudden eruption many years ago.

We had now about 4,000 feet still to climb. It was cold, and going was steep and difficult. Vegetation practically disappeared about 3,000 feet from the summit, after which there was only black rock and snow, and a few juniper bushes. Then we reached the *Casa Etnea*, which is used as a hostel by climbers wishing to see the sunrise. The *Casa Etnea* includes a little building erected by the British troops who occupied Sicily during the Napoleonic wars. I was interested to discover that Gladstone visited this place in his youth.

A few hundred yards from the *Casa Etnea* was a cleft called the *Fumarola*, at the very base of the uppermost cone and emitting gas continually. Away to the east was the Philosopher's Tower,

where Empedocles, the famous philosopher of Agrigento (Girgenti, on the south coast) is said to have lived for many years in pursuit of his studies of nature. Matthew Arnold's forgotten poem "Empedocles on Etna" tried in vain to re-embody his vague personality.

The route we had to follow brought us to the *Valle del Bove*, up the west side of which the final ascent, taking over an hour for its thousand feet or so, is made. On the way we passed various clefts from which hot vapour was pouring, and the smell of the various sulphates was very strong. The wind was brisking up, too, and added to the discomforts of the intense cold at the summit. The crater itself was a huge multi-coloured void, in which fire-lit clouds of steam and gas and smoke rolled and curled in all directions, finally streaming in a long trail in the direction of the prevailing wind. About the pit there seemed an atmosphere of wicked pulsating strength, as if it was conscious of many unplayed tricks in reserve.

Turning around, I found that I could see for a tremendous distance, for Etna dominates the whole island, and at certain times even Malta—150 miles off—is visible. The spectacle was one of inspiring grandeur, and this was heightened by one's feeling of absolute solitude amid a desolate waste of barren rock.

Along the rim of the crater were several fissures, and I descended the inner face for some distance with the help of these. But the poisonous fumes and the hot vapours soon grew too intense and I returned to the summit.

The crater has varying effects on people seeing it for the first time, so I was told by my guide, who was a connoisseur of reactions. Some are horrified, many made uneasy, a few disappointed, hardly any unconcerned. Some young Germans had thoroughly enjoyed it. As for myself I found the whole experience fascinating, and the end a true climax.

JOHN BROWN.

A NEW PEACE SOCIETY.

LAST month¹ we hazarded an opinion that the changed character of modern warfare, involving indiscriminate slaughter of non-combatants by a variety of horrible methods, would necessitate a restriction of the conditions required in Catholic teaching to make a war just. In the interval, there has come into formal being a Society of Pacifists which takes its stand on the presumption that war has *de facto* become too horrible to be ever justifiable. The Society, which calls itself "Pax," has been formed by a number of well-known Catholics, but its membership is open to all adults of whatever race or creed who accept its principles. It describes itself as an association of those who maintain (1) that spiritual activity and personal integrity are the first means towards the re-

¹ "A Pacifist Heresy," *THE MONTH*, October, 1936. Pp. 347 sqq.

moval of the causes of war, and (2) that all men of goodwill have the duty to work actively for peace and justice; and (3) that, meanwhile, individuals have the right to abstain, on grounds of conscience, from any sort of warlike activity.

The clauses which we have numbered 1 and 2 will not be disputed, but No. 3, which has no logical connexion with the others, calls for some criticism. A course of conduct dictated by conscience implies an obligation under sin, consequently it would seem that the Society considers "all sorts of warlike activity" morally wrong, abstention from which is not only a right but a duty. However, in its statement of principles "Pax" seems to retire from that intransigent position, for it acknowledges that "the use of force for the vindication of an undoubted right is, in some circumstances and under certain conditions, allowable to mankind, both individually and collectively." This, indeed, no Catholic can deny without rejecting the Faith, but, having made this necessary concession, "Pax" proceeds to nullify it by declaring that the requisite circumstances and conditions can never now be present in warfare "between nations for national ends," because "the moral and physical evils involved *must* enormously exceed any possible legitimate gains by either side"; wherefore, "for this and other [unspecified] reasons, such wars are morally unjustifiable."

If this be the case—viz., that there is no reasonable proportion between the good sought by war between nations and the resulting evil—then, indeed, one of the required conditions for just war is wholly absent, and one would sin in fighting at all. Is it true that there is no national good of such importance as would countervail the evil of modern war? Can the individual be so sure of this "truth," that he has no choice but to refuse to fight? And if this is a real moral obligation what, in this world of wickedness, would be the result of heeding it? The answer must be—*anarchy, chaos, the ruin of civilization*; results demonstrably certain, and therefore suggesting that the premises are untenable. It cannot, then, be demanded that, because of the *probability*—no more—of immense evil, the *certain* right of national self-defence should be foregone. Accordingly, since the nation must, in order to fulfil its trust and secure the interests which are the purpose of its being, resist unprovoked and unjust aggression, the citizens which constitute the nation must provide the means of resistance; unless *per impossibile* they should as a whole voluntarily prefer to sacrifice their independence and integrity.

We fear that the organizers of "Pax" have taken up an attitude of conscientious objection which is neither reasonable nor Catholic. Their position is not secured by their admission that self-defence is in circumstances allowable, for they deny that the circumstances can ever occur. This is an arbitrary opinion. It is not for them to go ahead of the teaching of the Church in this matter. The Holy Father, brought face to face with war in its most terrible form, the civil war in Spain, had no word of blame for those who

had been forced into it. He was far from condemning those who, in defence of their most sacred rights, rose in revolt against a Government which was violating them, but he condemned rather the cause of that revolt, the communistic menace to "the very foundations of all order, of all culture, of all civilization."¹ The Pope could not condemn such men fighting for Faith and Fatherland against anti-Christian forces. Knowing that armed resistance to unjust aggression is sometimes a duty or a right, he implied, by his warm praise of their cause, that the uprising of Spanish Catholics was the only alternative, if a bitter one, to allowing *all* the churches in Spain to be burned, *all* the priests killed or exiled, *all* the religious Orders dispersed, *all* the youth debarred from Christian education, *all* the faithful deprived of the Sacraments and the means of worship. For such would certainly have been the result of the sovietization of Spain, from which fate the righteous revolt of the Army has in God's mercy saved her. We do not scruple to say that the Pacifism which would blame the anti-Reds in Spain as criminal rebels, is not in harmony with the Catholic spirit. The Pope's address should make that clear.

As we said in the article mentioned above, no one should detest war—the causes of war, the pretexts of war, the methods of war—more vehemently than the Catholic, who knows how contrary it is to the spirit of his Lord and how injurious to the spread of His Kingdom. But no Catholic, without betraying the Faith, can deny that there have been and can be some righteous wars, wars ordained by God and waged on behalf of truth and justice and for the establishment of stable peace. So long as humanity is not collected into some super-State, and so long as our rulers are themselves not always under the rule of conscience and the moral law, some human quarrels must occur which call for the arbitrament of force. "Resist not evil" has no reference to that entity, itself the creation of God, the civil government. But in whatever is left of the world's democratic systems, Catholics must do what they can to prevent their rulers from being unjust and bellicose, proud and provocative, selfish and insular. In those states the citizen has the right and the duty to influence his representatives. He is bound, to the best of his ability, to scrutinize all national policies and if they are plainly out of line with God's law to oppose them, especially if they endanger peace and justice. In these modern times, when the material interests of the State are so generally made the sole standard of morality, Catholics should be all the more careful "to reason why." They cannot unfortunately leave moral issues wholly to their rulers. All, therefore, that "Pax" can do to rouse Catholics to a realization of their responsibilities will be most welcome, provided it does not adopt any line of conduct which would contravene the duties of a sane patriotism.

J.K.

¹ See "The Pope on the Spanish Terror" (C.T.S. : 2d.), p. 10.

THE MISSION FIELD AND "THE MONTH"

Writing on "Foreign Mission Sunday" when Catholics are annually reminded of their duty to support the Church's apostolic work, we are glad to thank once more those who, in the small department of our Forwarding Scheme, have shown themselves so conscious of the possibilities open to them. Many readers are probably already members of the A.P.F.: all should surely enrol themselves in that organization (Headquarters: 23 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.) which has not yet got the support in this country which it should have. (Contributions from England for 1935 are said to work out at only 2d. per head of the Catholic population!)

Our own small enterprise continues to grow; two hundred and twenty missionaries being now supplied with our paper. Amongst the waiting applicants there are three, unhappily placed as regards postal facilities, to whom it would be an especial kindness to send *THE MONTH* by direct subscription, one in West Africa, two hundred miles from the nearest post office, mails from which are only taken out by a native runner every six weeks—imagine the disappointment if there is nothing of interest by a mail so eagerly awaited!—another is on the Gold Coast and the third in Manchoukou.

Those readers, who even before the Forwarding Scheme was started, had the charity to send their MONTHS to missionaries are asked to let the Hon. Secretary (who thanks those who have already done so) know the names of those to whom they send so as to enable us to get a complete list and prevent overlapping. The Rev. Father Schipper, Guntakal, India, still unaware of the identity of his particular benefactor, is very anxious to hear from him or her: he has promised a special Mass, of thanksgiving, as well as the yearly Mass which he and many other missionaries generously offer "for all the Forwarders." The Hon. Secretary deeply regrets having been unable to answer all letters up to date owing to an unusual amount of work, but hopes soon to do this.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals*. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once.

FOREIGN STAMPS are collected by the Secretary and sold to further the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- BEDA REVIEW**: Sept., 1936. **The Problems of the Press**, by Herbert Keldany. [A study of how Catholics can improve their Press.]
- BLACKFRIARS**: Oct., 1936. **Communist Self-Witness about Spain**, by Vincent McNabb, O.P. [Quotations from Communist writings to show that class war is the aim of the chief supporters of the present Spanish Government.]
- CATHOLIC GAZETTE**: Oct., 1936. Difficulties about Catholicism in Spain answered fully in **Question-Box**, by Dr. Arendzen.
- CATHOLIC TIMES**: Oct. 2, 9, 1936. **Nail them Down!** [Editorial exposures of various falsehoods concerning affairs in Spain.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD**: Oct., 1936. **A Social History of Christendom**, by D. Marshall. [An analysis of the Catholic remedies—distribution of property, etc.—for social disorders.]
- CHRISTIAN FRONT**: Oct., 1936. **Catholic Youth and World Peace**, by E. B. Sweeney. [The need of clear exposition of the Catholic ideal of Peace to prevent Catholic Youth from being misled.]
- CLERGY REVIEW**: Oct., 1936. **The English Martyrs and English Criminal Law**, by H. W. R. Lillie, S.J. [Shows how the forms of law were strained and violated to secure conviction for "treason."]
- DOWNSIDE REVIEW**: Oct., 1936. **Gilbert Keith Chesterton 1874—1936**, by three authors. [The "Only a Memory," by Rev. John O'Connor the most interesting, although the others, on the "Poet" and the "Philosopher," are also valuable.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW**: Oct., 1936. **The Leonine Encyclical on Christian Public Law**, by J. T. Daley, C.S.S.R. [A useful exposition in this world of Governmental experiments of the fixed foundations of civil society.]
- ETUDES**: Oct. 3, 1936. **L'Objection de Conscience: Serait-elle parfois légitime?**, by Yves de la Brière, S.J. [A careful answer in the affirmative: *positis ponendis*.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD**: Oct., 1936. **The Religious Conditions of a French Diocese**, by R. S. Devane, S.J. [A detailed study of the tragic state of the diocese of Agen, owing to French anti-clericalism, one of several dioceses similarly affected.]
- SIGN**: Oct., 1936. **Lighting the Spanish Scene**, by Owen B. McGuire. [An exposure of "Liberal" lies about occurrences in Spain, born of the "Great Protestant Tradition."]
- STELLA MARIS**: Oct., 1936. **The Pope and his Critics**, by the Editor. [Clear description of the limits to the Pope's political action in the light of Christ's example.]
- VIE ECONOMIQUE ET SOCIALE**: Oct. 1, 1936. **La Réforme de la Société des Nations et l'Opinion Anglaise**, by J.-J. Lambin. [A study of various British proposals for the reform of the League.]

REVIEWS

I—PSYCHOLOGY¹

MR. RITCHIE is Lecturer in Chemical Physiology at Manchester University, and this book gives his Turner Lectures for 1935, delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge.

It is a welcome sign of the times that a physiologist should take a deep and well-informed interest in matters psychological. That Mr. Ritchie's interest is deep is shown by the wide range of psychological topics which he discusses, that it is well-informed is evident from the fact that he is clearly acquainted with most of the more important modern literature on the subject. This is really something of an achievement for a specialist in physiology, and Mr. Ritchie adds to this achievement by contributing certain reasoned speculations of his own, which will be of considerable value to the psychologist. The lectures show a refreshing freedom from the mechanistic bias which so many other physiologists have shown when writing on psychology.

Although he does not deal with the matter at any great length, the author handles the difficult psycho-epistemological problem of illusion on lines along which the true solution must undoubtedly lie. His treatment of imagery is original and suggestive. Especially valuable are his remarks on the role played by imagery in the formation and completion of perception, though in this connexion he might with advantage have employed the term "apperception" to denote that activity by which a percept, considered as an objective presentment, is brought into relation with the body of experience already possessed by the percipient and "woven in" as a new thread in the fabric of that experience (p. 209, cf. pp. 217—218).

The author adds another name to the growing list of writers who show that they are alive to the great significance of *resonant* activity in psycho-neural processes. It is indeed strange that this important field of speculation has been for so long neglected and overlooked by psychologists. In dealing with the phenomena of association and reproduction of images, the great majority of psychologists have apparently been content to think along the lines of the old "Bahnungstheorie" of associative traces laid down by synaptic facilitation, and to have remained blind to the almost overwhelming defects of such a theory, considered as a complete explanation of the facts. In this matter, psychologists have lagged seriously behind their physiological brethren. Many fascinating

¹ *The Natural History of Mind*. By A. D. Ritchie, M.A. London: Longmans. Pp. 280. Price, 15s.

possibilities and avenues of investigation are opened up by the notion that psycho-physical energy is of a vibratory or oscillatory nature, giving rise to effects in its own order analogous to those produced by physical resonance. In particular, the resonance analogy gives us a picture of the processes underlying association, reproduction, recognition and apperception far more complete and consistent than the slipshod "explanation" offered by the "Bahnungstheorie."

Strangely enough, the few writers who have dealt with this matter seem, for the most part, to have remained in ignorance of each other's work. Lindworsky's highly suggestive treatment of psycho-physical resonance seems to have escaped the notice of nearly all the English-speaking psychologists, nor has Professor Adrian's Presidential Address in 1933 to the Physiological Section of the British Association been followed up by psychologists as it deserved to be. Other names which occur to one in this connexion are those of Lapique, Pieron and Fox. Mr. Ritchie gives no references to any of these writers, and it may well be that he is unacquainted with the distinguished company he has been keeping. It can scarcely be doubted that the psychological world is destined to hear a great deal more about resonant processes in the future.

Where there is so much that is good, it would be ungracious to indulge in minor criticisms, but the undue economy of punctuation throughout the book is a serious defect which often renders the sense obscure at a first reading. The opening sentence of the last paragraph on p. 169 is a particularly glaring example.

In his treatment of the organism as a whole, Mr. Ritchie is guilty of confusing the agent with its activities to an extent which must surely be incompatible with any sane system of philosophy. Thus, for the purposes of a lecture, it might possibly be excusable to say "An organism . . . is an ordered stream of events, forming a centre of order in the middle of what is disorderly," or "The organism . . . is essentially a coming and going between the different parts," but such expressions should never have found their way into cold print. And when, on the same page, we read the sentence: "The organism is the way it behaves and it behaves as a whole," we must judge such an utterance to be on all counts quite indefensible—not even its apparent smartness excuses it.

The author gives an interesting discussion of so-called "Intelligence Tests" and makes useful suggestions for improvements in the testing technique. He seems, however, to suppose that Spearman commits himself to the view that "g" (the factor measured by these tests) is identical with intelligence. This is, of course, not the case.

J. LEYCESTER KING.

2—SPAIN¹

IT is a relief, when so much is being written through malice or ignorance to darken counsel regarding affairs in Spain, to come across Professor E. Allison Peers's judicious and impartial summary of the fortunes of the Second Republic, which, unexpectedly as he says, he has been able to bring to a close by writing its epitaph. Long residence in Spain for considerable portions of each of the last twenty years, a professional mastery of its history and literature, an intense sympathy with its mystic writers, and a profound belief in its recuperative powers—these qualifications enable him to overcome in a surprising degree the natural handicap which tends to impair his judgment of not sharing its religious convictions and, therefore, of not seeing the essential weakness and futility of political projects which ignore or, worse, oppose that revealed faith. The "idealism" of the founders of the Republic was inspired by that shallow Liberalism which imagines that human perfection, social or individual, can be achieved without the help of religion, and which has broken down time after time in human history. In essence, there is little to choose between the anti-theism of the Russian Reds and the atheism of the Madrid "Ateneo" where the Second Republic was born: they differ only in degree, and in nothing does the unwisdom of Señor Azaña appear more conspicuously than in his puerile belief that he could confine within the limits of an anti-clerical State those forces of disorder which inevitably permeate a society wherefrom the idea of God, Creator and Judge, and of the sanctions of the moral law, have been banished, and which can be restrained only by the constant exercise of force. The early years of the Republic as sketched by Mr. Peers, would have taught anyone but a doctrinaire Liberal this salutary truth. Señor Azaña was able to impose his secularist Republic on Spain, only by the exercise of a despotism more rigid and ruthless than de Rivera's, and as soon as his wholly undemocratic "Law for the Defence of the Republic" was abrogated, the anti-religious legislation fell into desuetude. Mr. Allison Peers, for all his understanding and sympathy, does not sufficiently recognize that it was its radical and blatant anti-clericalism which from the first weakened the Republic and opened the door to those communist and anarchist elements which by their intransigence have provoked the civil war. Nor does he take any account of Masonic influences which undoubtedly have fostered the implacable hostility towards the Church that marked the regime from the first. Nor does he seem aware of the constant Soviet "penetration."

However, we cannot be too grateful to him for what he has done. His subject divides itself neatly into chronological bien-

¹ *The Spanish Tragedy, 1930—1936: Dictatorship, Republic and Chaos.* By E. Allison Peers. London: Methuen & Co. Pp. xv, 247. Price, 10s. 6d. n. 1936.

niums—the coming of the Republic and its constitution, two years of Left government, two years of Centre-Right and then Chaos : his chronicle closes with August 10th of this year. He guides one clearly through the tangle of parties and policies and personalities that appear on the Spanish scene, and he aims throughout at complete impartiality. Interested himself in education, he is particularly clear and severe concerning the foolish experiments made by the Republic in the beginning, which resulted in destroying whatever schooling there was without providing any adequate substitute. We must, moreover, gratefully acknowledge the tribute he pays to the Society of Jesus in this matter, which only repeats his generous defence, published by the *Church Times* in 1932, of the Jesuit educators expelled from Spain by Señor Azaña in his first fine frenzy. We hope that his skilled pen and fair mind may employ themselves in describing the emergence from chaos and the subsequent settlement into sobriety, justice and peace, of the great nation which he has so often and so faithfully interpreted to the world.

3—BOLSHEVISM—RED AND BROWN¹

THE above is at least Dr. Gurian's verdict. His excellent volume on "Bolshevism : Theory and Practice" is now widely known and will secure for his second and shorter work an attentive reading. It sets out quite frankly to prove a thesis and in that attempt shows an acute power of analysis and a real understanding of modern political problems. The thesis shortly is that Bolshevism, properly so-called, is not a product peculiar to Russia but a widely-spread phenomenon of the twentieth century. It is not to be identified with Soviet Russia or even with the Marxian ideology. In very fact, the modern Authoritarian State is really Bolshevism in a twentieth century, instead of as in Russia in an outworn nineteenth century, form. In Italy it has been tempered by the fact that Fascism has not broken with the previous tradition of Europe. It is in Germany that the author sees the pure essence of Bolshevism, liberated from Marxian thought, and thereby made all the more dangerous. This essence is the absolute rule of a party, controlling and fashioning the entire life of a people by terrorism—all the more effective when its mere threat will suffice—and by cunning propaganda. The party lays claim to absolute authority, and employs a rigid hierarchical organization based upon an ideology. The State is its instrument, an instrument merely for the maintenance of power. A clever technique of discipline and mass suggestion enables the party to rule absolutely and to leave the illusion that it is but embodying the aspirations and will

¹ *The Future of Bolshevism*. By Waldemar Gurian. London : Sheed & Ward. Pp. 126. Price, 3s. 6d. 1936.

of the people. It is in its German rather than in its Russian manifestation that Dr. Gurian considers Bolshevism to be the greatest danger for the modern world.

His case is excellently argued and the analysis he gives of the Soviet State and National Socialism is illuminating. But strong as his case is, I am not convinced. He underrates the peril of Russian Communism when he bluntly says that "if we identify Bolshevism with one particular form of it, namely the Russian, there is no longer any need to discuss it as a danger to the world." The book was written before the outbreak of the civil war in Spain: and that war has opened the eyes of Western Europeans to the strength and efficacy of Communistic propaganda abroad. He refers to the example of Spain in 1934, which "has proved that it is a comparatively easy matter to suppress [the communist] revolt." The reaction against the Spanish Communism of 1936 is a vastly more difficult and more tragic affair. He does not sufficiently allow for the clever manœuvre of the Popular Front and the influence exercised upon a weak and uncertain Left-thinking Government by a well-knit body of extremists, however small. We are told that Russian Bolshevism has proved "weak in the sphere of foreign politics." It has at any rate done much to ruin the League of Nations and to prevent the co-operation of the major Western Powers. And finally he disagrees with Berdyaev and other writers, who emphasize the religious and almost messianic aspect of Communism, and suggests that Marxian tenets are little more to-day than phraseology for propaganda purposes. If that be so, whence the virulence of the anti-God campaign? If the main concern of the masters of Russia be the maintenance of their own power, why are they incessantly interfering with the internal affairs of other countries?

Dr. Gurian is not unfair to National Socialism. He admits that it is not a Marxian movement, though later he suggests that "it may perhaps be designated as the Marxianism of the Anti-Marxian classes and the disillusioned Marxists." And, after stating that Communism in Russia "made in fact more victims than all the battles fought between 1914 and 1918," he agrees that in Germany there are no martyrs and that "exceptional acts of bloodshed—for example, the murders of June 30, 1934—seem accidental deviations from the system of government, not representative of it." That there is considerable similarity of method and technique between the Communists and the National Socialists is not to be denied. The State is the instrument of a party; public opinion is educated in one direction, controlled and at times falsified; the formation of the young is to become a means of creating a particular outlook, a *Weltanschauung*; law and justice are made relative to the supposed interest of the people and to the real policy of the party; the individual is left isolated in a world of mass suggestion. But I think that Dr. Gurian has stressed this

similarity, even identity, of technique so as to minimize a real difference of outlook and even ideal. He has made the German leaders Machiavellian realists when some of them are idealists, albeit muddled ones. The difference between a combined team of a *Volksgemeinschaft*, and a match of the proletariat versus the rest is, I would venture to suggest, more fundamental than he allows. And to add a last practical point, the influence of the Army, of the diplomats and of experts like Dr. Schacht, has acted as a very definite brake upon the vehicle of party progress.

National Socialism has its own dangers and presents problems that are grave enough. I do not read them quite in the same way as Dr. Gurian. This does not mean that I have not found his book of great interest and value. If it is provocative as well, *tant mieux*. It is a greater compliment to disagree in part than to agree unmoved.

Do we say "Marxianism" or "Marxism." The translator opts for the former, though it seems rather clumsy. *Judicent periti!*

J.M.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

THE Fourth Gospel and its early history have in our own day been subjected to minute and laborious investigation by scholars outside the Church. Every scrap of evidence for the date and place of its composition has been scrutinized by critics who, strange to say, appear to be able to agree on one thing only: that the author was *not* St. John the Apostle, son of Zebedee. The late Father John Donovan, S.J., in his last years gave special attention to this question. He was well equipped for the task, for he had a life-long devotion to the study of Greek and an intimate knowledge of the Christian literature of the early centuries. The results of his studies were published in a series of articles, mainly in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. It was his intention to revise and issue these in book form, when he was overtaken by death. Father Edmund F. Sutcliffe, S.J., has earned the gratitude of New Testament students by bringing out the work, under the title: **The Authorship of St. John's Gospel** (B.O. & W.: 10s. 6d.). The reasons in favour of the traditional answer are first given in some detail; then, in a long series of chapters, the multiple hypotheses of the critics are passed in review. Sometimes the discussion turns on a point of philosophy, where the humanist is able to turn his knowledge to good account. More often the vigorous dialectic of the apologist is seen to advantage, for it is necessary to call attention to some muddled thought—not to say sophistry—on the part of the adversary. The work ends with two trenchant chapters on the assumptions of the critics and their methods of work; they should be read by all who have to defend Catholic doctrine.

Scholars will note with interest a few minor points where the author differs from his Catholic predecessors, *e.g.*, on the meaning of "Presbyteri" in the famous fragment of Papias (p. 100); and the very effective use made of the view that "the first Johannine epistle is intimately connected with the Gospel, being either its preface or supplement." The editor has provided the book with an analytical table of contents. It deserved to have an index as well; and the student who has to find his way amid the crowd of proper names will find that it needs one.

APOLOGETIC.

Like Signior Benedick, Mr. Arnold Lunn "will still be talking"—talking about the fallacies which kept him out of the Church, about the realities which he finds in it, about the minds he encountered in his *Pilgrim's Progress*—but he cannot talk too much for our enjoyment and profit, and we welcome his latest book of stimulating reminiscence, called **Within that City** (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.) as yet another in a very entertaining series. No writer in our generation has had just his wide experience, and this it is which, combined with the gift to express it in an arresting style, enables the traditional Catholic to get some understanding of that *terra incognita*, the religious terrain outside "the City," a wilderness of emotion, error and prejudice, almost impenetrable by reason and incapable of faith. Out of these shadows and appearances Mr. Lunn, by God's grace, has arrived at the truth, and the narration of his reactions and adventures, as retailed in *Now I See* and in the present volume, are of incalculable service, not only to other earnest seekers like himself, but also to those who have been privileged to possess, without having to search for, the Faith. The "born" Catholic, to whom the unshakable stability and the unmistakable visibility of the "City set upon a Hill" have been matters of undisturbed conviction since he came to the use of reason, must indeed be grateful for this first-hand account of a totally different mentality, for it appeals at once and most strongly to his sympathy and zeal. The book, apart from its general expository character, does not aim at logical sequence; its chapters might be set in almost any order. Each is concerned with the explanation of some aspect of the Faith or of Catholic experience which Mr. Lunn considers that the outsider needs, but all are illustrated by apt quotation, by illuminating parallels and, most of all, by the author's epigrammatic humour: "Either we shall infect the world, or the world will infect us" (p. 172) might almost serve as a motto for Catholic Action.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The young student who is tackling the problem of knowledge for the first time will be well advised to read **Reality and Mind** (Coldwell 10s.), by the Rev. Father Celestine M. Bittle, O.M.Cap. The book is conveniently divided, and the style is admirably clear

and concise. The bibliography is full, though not quite up to date. The summary at the end of each chapter, the suggested readings, the glossary of definitions, are added features of interest and utility. In a book of such small dimensions there is danger of putting forward mere "potted knowledge," especially in the treatment of adversaries. The author has avoided this; wherever possible he cites the *ipsissima verba* of the philosopher he is refuting, with the result that there is no misrepresentation. Specially deserving of praise is his treatment of Mercier and Descartes, though his statement on p. 51 that the latter "being a mathematician, felt convinced that he could deduce all truth from a single fundamental principle," might not meet with universal approval.

PSYCHOLOGICAL.

An attempt to popularize Psychology is made in **Psychology in Questions and Answers**, by the Rev. Hilarion Duerk, O.F.M. (Kenedy & Sons: \$1.50), which is a presentation in different guise of the author's *Catechism of Psychology for Nurses*, "omitting everything that pertains to nurses only, and making general applications suitable to students of Catholic secondary schools, junior colleges, academies, high schools and similar institutions of learning." Such a work hardly calls for great depth of treatment and, within its limits, will doubtless be of value. The chief result of studying the book will be to acquire no more than a general foundation of psychology, but a foundation well and truly laid.

DEVOTIONAL.

To popularize the Breviary by making it a manual of devotion of every kind may seem to some a little far-fetched, or at least artificial; yet this is practically the purpose of **The Breviary and the Laity**, by the Abbé Rodolphe Hoornaert (Liturgical Press, Collegeville: 35 cents). Naturally enough, the section on the Breviary as a Manual of Vocal Prayer is the best and most convincing, for that is precisely what the Breviary is; it is the universal vocal prayer of the Church. In the rest, the Breviary as a source of Meditation and Contemplation—since that is not the purpose of the book—there must needs be much that is merely arbitrary adjustment, however useful and suggestive in many ways.

HISTORICAL.

Mgr. E. Hawks of Philadelphia has published, in **A Pedigree of Protestantism** (Herder: 2s. 6d.), a very interesting summary of a vast subject. The fact that truth is one whilst error is manifold has been his chief difficulty. No single heresiarch can be named as the Father of Protestantism, in whom all its subsequent varieties find their original synthesis. It springs from a Principle, not from a Personality, and its root is now seen to be the rejection of a Living and Infallible Authority in religious matters. From that root, so hidden at first that it was not generally recognized, for all

the first rebels were just as dogmatic as the Church they revolted against, and the dominance of the State was a later development, Mgr. Hawks depicts the growth of the Protestant Family Tree through the centuries since the Reformation. Three general phases characterize it—the revolt from the Church Universal, the revolt from the national Church, and the revolt from the very idea of a Church—and each of the phases is represented still by a multitude of subdivisions. Anglicanism—"a hundred sects battling within one Church"—takes its natural place in the second phase; here, perhaps, Mgr. Hawks does not make sufficiently clear its origin in Elizabeth's reign, when the old Catholic Church was thrust aside and almost wholly destroyed in England to make room for a lay organization without orders or jurisdiction. His account, however, of the desperate attempt made by the Oxford Movement to "recover" its Catholic character is admirably done. A synopsis of the "Varieties of Protestantism" in the States, arranged under ten general heads, which might be paralleled over here, shows more clearly than detailed analysis the need of Authority in Religion.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

In *The Foundress of the Sisters of the Assumption* (B.O. & W.: 5s.), Father Martindale, S.J., gives us two striking character-sketches, that of the foundress herself and that of the Abbé Combalot. Father Martindale prefers to call his work a Memoir, rather than a Life of Mother Marie-Eugénie Milleret de Brou, but he gives a sufficiently clear account of the history and surroundings of the saintly foundress to satisfy even one who has not heard of her before. Those interested in the education of Catholic girls ought to know more about the ideals of Mother Marie-Eugénie and the results she obtained in her long and laborious life.

Volume XXI of the *Proceedings of the British Academy* (Humphrey Milford: 1s. 6d.) consists of a rare and delicate appreciation by Professor Cesare Foligno of his distinguished colleague and Dante scholar, Edmund Garratt Gardner. Italian studies in England, and in London in particular, owe a great deal to the work and enthusiasm of Professor Gardner; he was connected with University College from 1910 until 1935. Dr. Foligno passes this work in sympathetic review and speaks also of that personal charm of character that made him beloved of his colleagues and students, and caused him to seem rather a figure from the medieval Italy of his affection than a mere citizen of an uglier modern world. It may be noted that some of his earlier articles appeared in *THE MONTH* between the years 1893 and 1901.

The great revised edition of Butler's *Lives of the Saints* (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d. each volume), which is appearing under the auspices of the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., Miss Norah Leeson, and Mr. Donald Attwater, is rapidly approaching its close. The fifth volume, in the first half of the year with which Father Thurston is most concerned, viz., May, appeared a few months ago,

whilst the June number is, we believe, to be ready by the end of the year. Furthermore, in the second half, Mr. Attwater has already completed the October number, and, therefore, only two more remain to finish the entire enterprise. As regards the May volume there are 258 lives as compared with the 137 in the original Butler, not all of which were actual biographies. On the other hand, the June volume numbers more than 100 holy persons unknown to Butler, the total being 289. These facts alone will show the absolute necessity of bringing Butler "up to date." Father Thurston calculates from a consideration of the *Acta Sanctorum* that the ratio 2 to 13 fairly represents the increase of matter with which the modern hagiographer has to deal. Only by a comparison with the original can the amount of labour involved in the production of these volumes be estimated; the bibliographies alone are a mine of new information.

SOCIOLOGY.

Not only its own intrinsic merits as a magisterial statement of the Catholic ideal of social and industrial relationships, but also its employment as the guide and inspiration of several national experiments in political science, should win for the great Papal Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* the closest attention of all social students whether Catholics or not. But Catholics especially should make themselves masters of its principles, for they form the only sound standard whereby to estimate all the modern panaceas, from Bolshevism upwards, for the undoubted diseases of society to-day. Accordingly, Father Watt's **Pope Pius XI and Social Reconstruction** (Catholic Social Guild: 3d.), which is described as "an introduction to the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*," comes at a most opportune time. The character of such an Encyclical—a "letter" addressed to minds of every variety of culture and outlook—necessarily precludes it from passing far beyond principles, except when the application is apt and immediate, so the purpose of a commentator is mainly to "digest" the matter set forth, and present it in an orderly, logical and therefore easily assimilable form. This Father Watt has done admirably, dividing the Encyclical into four sections, which deal severally with Religion and Social Problems, Social, Economic and Moral Disorder, Errors and False Remedies, The True Remedy. Constant reference is made to the Encyclical (the C.S.G. 1s. edition which has numbered paragraphs and useful notes), and it is interesting to see from the quoted numbers how the same matter under different aspects appears in various parts of the letter and what a great gain in force and lucidity results from juxtaposition. Father Watt is steeped in the literature of his subject, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and he makes one feel that no school of contemporary social and economic thought has been overlooked in his exposition. A booklet to read and spread, especially amongst those who are as earnest as ourselves in trying to "rebaptize" the industrial order but lack the firm guidance which is ours.

Another product of that prolific institution—the C.S.G. Annual Summer School—appears in Miss Eva J. Ross's **Social Origins** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d. n.), which is calculated to disturb complacent believers in the tradition of universal Evolution, based upon Darwin's theories and elaborated and extended by a host of later thinkers—H. Spencer, Tylor, Fraser, and the rest. Miss Ross, whose capacity is known from her previous sociological books, does not, of course, deal directly with the origin of mankind, although many theories of its subsequent development depend on the assumption of materialistic evolution, but aims at tracing the sources of the various social institutions of to-day—the Family, Property, the State, Religion—back to their beginnings in primitive times. It is a work which calls for the collation of multitudinous facts of history and research, and a reasoned estimate of the interpretations placed upon these facts by other writers—a work which can be competently performed only by one who has in the revelation of God a touchstone of truth and a guide for conjecture. Thus equipped, and furnished with an extensive acquaintance with the relative literature, the author leads the reader skilfully through the mazes of archæology and anthropology, ranging over the present world and the past, demonstrating as she proceeds how much that passes for scientific truth in these matters is, in fact, arbitrary and unsound conjecture, and especially how the attractive theory of a general progress, not only from the brute to the man, but from the man-brute to his highly civilized descendant, *homo sapiens*, has no real substance to support it. Miss Ross, particularly in her last section—"Religion among the Primitives"—does not need to draw upon the dictates of reason nor the truths of revelation, but is content to show that the various atheistic conjectures as to the origins of natural religion do not fit the facts as the anthropologists themselves describe them. It is, therefore, time for "science" to take account of the only hypothesis that does, the hypothesis which finds room for a Fall from original integrity. Useful additions to the selected (English) bibliography would be Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*, and Mr. Noyes's *The Unknown God*.

VERSE.

Outstanding in Miss Hicks-Bolton's volume of poems, **In Gladness of God** (Coldwell: 1s. 6d.), is the note of deep interior peace and strength, which gives to her work a quiet dignity, over and above the beauty of theme and craftsmanship. She has avoided attempts at undue originality of thought or mode of expression dealing with eternal truths, and by presenting them simply, without seeking after effect, but with the heart of a Christian and the instinct of a true poet, she succeeds where others would have failed. In her poems on prayer—"Prayer," "A Meditation in the Garden," "Vocation," "The Beginnings of Contemplation," "A Ray

of Darkness"—especially is to be found this simplicity and profundity, suggesting an analogy of morning mists gathered around a mountain range, hiding beneath them, the onlooker knows, an unimagined vision of height and grandeur.

The *Poems* of Robert R. D. Paton (Arthur H. Stockwell: 1s.) show him to be the possessor of a rich vocabulary—which he uses with skill—and of a true poetic sense. His verse, at its best, is slightly reminiscent of Vaughan, and even of Blake, but his constant repetition of the rhymed couplet makes for monotony, and an individual kernel of originality is perhaps the sole excuse for a "derived" outer shell.

FICTION.

A sound and pleasant country-side romance showing both humour and clever characterization has been written by Mrs. Rose Carter and called *Sweet Vintage* (Heath Cranton: 7s. 6d. n.). Its religious interest consists in the reclamation of a dissipated youth, and the conversion of various types of Protestant mentality by contact with the living faith of two young Catholic girls. But the whole atmosphere is charmingly rural, and a mastery of Derbyshire dialect adds an attraction of its own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What is described as "A Health Book for the Child under Two," namely, *Happy Babies and their Mothers*, by Dr. Mary Kidd (B.O. & W.: 1s. 6d.), cannot be too highly recommended to those for whom it is intended. The author has wide experience of Maternity and Child Welfare Clinics, and this is a sequel to that popular book "Ideal Motherhood." In the present little volume we meet the mother again after the baby's birth, and the various means of regaining her health and strength are aptly described, as well as how to care for the baby. The expert advice is given so clearly and simply that all can follow it, and illness, the child's psychology and well-being are all included. The kindly, sympathetic tone of the book will make it especially welcome.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The C.T.S. publishes a very interesting account of *The Reformation in Yorkshire* (2d.), including of course "The Pilgrimage of Grace" of 1536, by James J. Branigan, which illustrates the thorough Catholicity of Henrician England, outside the range of the tyrant's influence.

The Pope on the Spanish Terror—that eloquent and penetrating address to the Refugees from Spain delivered on September 14th, which deserves the most careful perusal, has now been issued as a pamphlet, and *Why the Pope has Condemned Communism*—a penny leaflet by Mr. L. Toke—contrasts Catholic faith and morals with the materialistic, false and irrational ideology whereby so many millions are to-day misled.

How that pernicious creed got footing in Spain, through domestic apathy and corruption and a vigorous propaganda from outside is told in **For God and Spain**, by Hugh de Blacam (Irish Messenger Office: 2d.). Anyone who wants to find in compendious form the answer to the common Press misrepresentation of Spanish affairs, and particularly to the various Communist pamphlets written to support the cause of the Reds, will find herein a very storehouse of carefully arranged and exact information. Its sub-title "The Truth about the Spanish War" exactly describes what it is, for the author brings together into the picture both the remoter and the more immediate causes which justified the outbreak and answers specifically the various false charges brought by Protestant bigotry as well as by "liberalism" against the Patriots.

Two issues of **The Catholic Mind** (for September 22nd and October 8th: 5 cents each) contain amongst other useful reprints, "Problems of Youth" by the Most Rev. Bernard Sheil, and several articles on the Spanish crisis—the Pope's famous discourse to the Refugees and a paper "The Spanish Warning" by G. M. Godden, pointing the moral of the outbreak for people in these islands.

The **Annual Report** of the Guild of St. Luke, SS. Cosmas and Damian gives gratifying testimony to the care with which the Guild watches the various modern tendencies to ignore ethical considerations in "health" legislation, and to the satisfactory position of the Guild itself.

As we have frequently remarked before, **The Catholic Diary**, 1936 (B.O. & W.: 1s.) is shorn of much of its usefulness by not marking *clearly* the various feasts and fasts of the Church. People don't carry in their heads the list of abbreviations given at the beginning, accordingly, at least when little extra space is required, the obligation whether of Mass or of fasting and abstinence should be put beyond doubt. In our experience the absence of clear indications has led some to the disuse of the Diary. It would be more helpful also if some of the quotations were shorter.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ASCHENDORFFSCHE VERLAGSBUCHHAND-
LUNG, Münster.

*Send schreiben Katholischer Deut-
scher.* By Kuno Brombacher. Pp.
110. Price, 1.50 m.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

*Un Saint pour Chaque Jour du
Mois.* Pp. 250. Price, 5.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD.,
London.

St. Peter the First Pope. By Eger-
ton Clarke. Pp. 62. Price, 1s. *Pope
Pius XI, for Children.* By Wilkinson
Sherren. Pp. 65. Price, 1s. *The
Roman Breviary.* Volume IV. Pp.
210. Price, 15s. *The Catholic Diary,
1937.* Price, 1s. *Our Father.* By

- Cardinal Lepicier, O.S.M. Pp. ix, 132. Price, 5s. *Promises of Christ.* By Mother Mary Philip. Pp. xi, 113. Price, 3s. 6d. *Forgotten Shrines.* Illustrated. Popular edition. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Pp. xvi, 413. Price, 12s. 6d. n.
- COLDWELL, LTD., London.
Simple Methods in Religious Instruction. By Rev. J. H. Ostdiek. Pp. 134. Price, 6s. 6d. *Our Light and Our Way.* By Very Rev. B. A. Moreau. Pp. 339. Price, 12s. 6d. *Branches of the Vine.* By Rev. F. J. Mahoney, S.J. Pp. 157. Price, 6s. 6d. *In Gladness of God.* By Teresa Hicks-Bolton. Pp. 40. Price, 1s. 6d.
- COLE & CO., London.
Report of the Thirty-ninth Annual Conference of Catholic Colleges. Pp. 248. Price, 2s.
- DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
Our Preaching. By Rev. John K. Sharp. Pp. 280. Price, \$2.00.
- FABER & FABER, London.
Christian Polity. By V. A. Demant. Pp. 312. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- FLAMMARION, Paris.
Juifs et Chrétiens. By Joseph Bonsirven, S.J. Pp. 282. Price, 15.00 fr.
- HERDER, London.
A Call to Catholic Action. Vol. II. By Various Authors. Pp. 242. Price, 8s. 6d. *A Pedigree of Protestantism.* By Mgr. Edward Hawks. Pp. x, 95. Price, 2s. 6d.
- HUNT, Norwich.
Parish Churches of Norfolk and Norwich. By Claude J. W. Messent. Pp. 298. Price, 7s. 6d.
- JONATHAN CAPE, London.
The Book of Margery Kempe. By W. Butler-Bowdon. Pp. xiv, 386. Price, 10s. 6d.
- KENEDY, New York.
Catholic Faith. Book II. Illustrated. Edited by Rev. Felix Kirsch, O.M.Cap., and Sister M. Brendan. Pp. 147. Price, 30 cents.
- LONGMANS, London.
Morals and Marriage. By T. G. Wayne. Pp. x, 81. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *The Crisis of Christian Rationalism.* By Kenneth E. Kirk, D.D. Pp. 119. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Steam Packet.* By David Mathew. Pp. 148. Price, 6s. n.
- MACMILLAN & CO., London.
Fire on the Earth. By Paul Hanly Furfey. Pp. 159. Price, 8s. 6d.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
De Jure Parochorum ad Normam Codicis Juris Canonici. By P. Ludovicus I. Fanfani, O.P. Pp. xxiv, 562. Price, 20.00 l. *Le Tiers-Ordre Franciscain.* By P. Alfred de Molières, F.M.Cap. Pp. 484. Price, 20.00 fr. *Au Service de Jésus Prêtre.* Vol. III. By Mère L. M. C. de la Touche. Pp. xx, 420. Price, 12.00 fr.
- METHUEN, London.
The Spanish Tragedy. By E. Allinson Peers. Pp. xv, 247. Price, 10s. 6d.
- REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE, Louvain.
L'Immaculée Conception dans la Théologie de l'Angleterre Médiévale. By Rev. A. W. Burridge, W.F. Pp. 27.
- RITA VERLAG UND DRUCKEREI, Würzburg.
Der Kirchenbegriff bei Waldimir Solovjeff. By P. Dr. Felix Gobmann, O.E.S.A. Pp. 120. Price, 4.50 rm. *Die Traditionsmethode als älteste theologische Methode des Christentums.* By D. Joseph Ranft. Pp. 36. Price 2.10 rm. *Augustins Verhältnis zur Mystik.* By P. Dr. Ephraem Hendrikx. Pp. 204. Price, 5.00 rm.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
The Legend of Saint Columba. Illustrated. By Padraic Colum. Pp. 156. Price, 5s. n. *The Holy Bible.* By Ronald Knox. Pp. xvi, 620. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Russian Church.* By J. N. Danzas. Translated by Countess Bennigsen. Pp. viii, 164. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Within that City.* By Arnold Lunn. Pp. vii, 285. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The Vocation of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.* By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. (New issue.) Pp. 301. Price, 7s. 6d. *Voltaire.* By Alfred Noyes. Pp. 646. Price, 12s. 6d. *Social Origins.* By Eva Ross. Pp. 112. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- S.P.C.K., London.
Spiritual Songs. Edited by Frances M. M. Comper. Pp. 294. Price, 7s. 6d. *Confirmation, or the Laying on of Hands.* By Gregory Dix. Pp. 23. Price, 1s. n. *The Purpose of Acts.* By Burton Scott Easton. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. n.
- VERONA PRESS, Verona.
Terracina Cloud. By Frederick Johnston. Pp. 90. Price, 3s. 6d.
- VITTE, Paris.
Vers les Hauteurs Spirituelles. By R.P. Giraud, M.S. Pp. 259. Price, 12.00 fr.

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